

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 19, 1960

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BILLY KIDD





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Next week

THE TOUGHEST SHOT for a golfer to master is a long iron. Tony Lama shows how some new concepts of the golf swing can be applied by every player to help with these testing clubs.

NCAA BASKETBALL champions of the past are analyzed and compared with the best of this season's contenders to determine who has what it takes to win the title in Portland.

WET-LOOKING CLOTHES that keep you dry are the result of the latest trick that science brings to sportswear. John G. Zimmerman photographs the colorful wet look in Florida

BOOKTALK

The university pressmen are learning how to parlay sport and scholarship

The 70-odd university presses in the U.S. now publish around 1,300 books a year. Most of these are of decidedly limited interest, with such titles as *Sassad and Farns in Modern Persia*, published by the University of Michigan Press. Lately, however, the professors appear to have discovered sport. Here are some examples from this season's lists:

Hounds and Hunting in Ancient Greece by Denson Bingham Hull (Chicago, \$15). An architect and Greek scholar, Denson Hull first rode to hounds at the age of 40, became a Master of Foxhounds at 43 and made new translations of Greek texts on hunting when he discovered that previous translators had no practical hunting experience. The result is a valuable contribution to hunting lore, covering hunting practices in ancient Greece that were very much like present-day beagling. Laconian hounds were the size of very large beagles, had a bold, confident manner, black, sparkling eyes and bore such names as Vital, Havoc, Impulse, Cheerful, Bright Eye and Blossom.

The Great Arc of the Wild Sheep by James L. Clark (Oklahoma, \$6.95). The famous sculptor and taxidermist of the American Museum of Natural History here traces the stamping grounds—from Sardinia through Turkey and Iran into Asia, and from Alaska through the Rockies—of "the keenest-eyed, warriest and most cunning of all big game." A miscellany and gossamer combined, the book includes scientific data, hunting anecdotes, record head measurements and casual, offhand recollections of the author's own hunts long ago in the Russian Far East, the Himalayas and Mongolia.

The Birds of Arizona by Allan Phillips, Joe Marshall and Gale Morson (Arizona, \$15). One of the most beautiful of recent bird books, this is illustrated with 51 magnificent color photographs by Enot Porter and 12 delicate field sketches in color by George Miksch Sutton. The authors, naturally, write most of species found only in the Southwest, like the quaint little red-faced warbler. But so many birds winter in Arizona that the book is also a good guide to most American species.

John James Audubon by Alice Ford (Oklahoma, \$7.95). In 1917 Francis Herrick published a massive two-volume biography which guardedly replaced with facts many of Audubon's audacious fictions about himself. Professor Herrick did so scrupulous a job that later students hesitated to deal with Audubon's career, though mysteries still remain. Alice Ford's book is the first complete biographical study since Herrick's. It includes new material she dis-

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Booktalk *continued*

covered in France on Audubon's father and foster mother, and episodes from Audubon's storekeeping days in Kentucky. Alice Ford is altogether admiring in her view of Audubon, but she resolutely includes facts about her hero that Audubon's many enemies did not print. The result is a highly feminine volume, sentimentalized but unsparring.

The Field Notes of Captain William Clark, edited by Ernie Staples Osmond (Yale, \$12.50). A newly discovered journal by the captain of the Lewis and Clark expedition may seem a long way from sport, but in fact the first 1,600 miles of the journey from St. Louis to the Pacific was a sporting event on a majestic scale. Clark had an eye for flavorful details, recording hunting exploits almost every day—a total of 77 deer, 11 bear and one elk killed between May 19 and July 22, and deer tracks on the prairie "as plentiful as hogs on a farm." No slaughter addict, he liked to watch the young deer feeding on the willows and playing along the windy beaches of the Missouri. He reported on wild plums, crabapples, wild cherries, grapes, hazelnuts and raspberries, and commented, "What a field for a naturalist"—his way of spelling naturalist. On Christmas Day he wrote, "The men frolicked and burned all day. Several Turkeys killed." But he was also a hard, farsighted military man, and among these papers, lost for almost 150 years, were the plans that he and Meriwether Lewis worked out for the defense of the West. Discovered in an attic in St. Paul, Minn. in 1953, his lost journal has been made into a book that is unrivaled for its appearance and the balance and humor of its comments.

Down the Colorado by Robert Brewster Stanton (Oklahoma, \$5). In 1889 a Denver businessman named Frank M. Brown promoted a daring transcontinental railroad that would thread its way through the Rockies on water-level grades along the Colorado and through the Grand Canyon. As the first survey party entered the Grand Canyon itself, Brown and two companions were drowned. His chief engineer, Robert Stanton, was so convinced that Brown was right that he led another party through at his own expense. This was the first expedition after that of John Wesley Powell to go all the way through the Grand Canyon. Stanton found the Colorado a wonderland of deer, geese, ducks, fish, waterfalls, springs, hidden glens, cliff dwellings, awesome colors and shapes, and innumerable rapids, each of which he detailed with almost Proustian exactitude. He became a prominent engineer, but remained so enthralled about the Colorado railroad route that he wrote a book on his survey (unpublished) and a two-volume history of the river (also unpublished), from which this absorbing narrative has been extracted.

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The long awaited book by the King of Golf

ARNOLD PALMER has at last set down all he knows and feels about the game he dominates. The result is the most important, inspiring, and instructive golf book of the decade



A GOLF CLASSIC IS BORN — the book that Arnie's army has been yelling for, the eagerly anticipated golf testament of Arnold Palmer, **MY GAME AND YOURS**. In it: an extraordinary distillation of the golf wisdom, savvy and technique that, in an age of many champions, have put the name of Arnold Palmer above all the rest.

"This is my reason for writing this book . . ."

"It is time now," says Palmer, "and this is my reason for writing this book, to get back to first principles. . . ."

"The golf ball is not the natural enemy of mankind . . . it will gladly take wings if you give it half a chance."

Palmer's book is all you have wished for. It is unlike any other writing on the game. It cuts through the gimmickry that has increasingly encrusted golf instruction. It directly attacks the mental attitudes that hobble most golfers. It invites you to "forget the fancy theory, shake off your inferiority complex" and start out afresh, with Arnie, to assimilate the incredibly simple basics that he considers all important.

If you're shooting over 90

"With the right grip, (there is only one right grip) you can make all kinds of other mistakes yet get away with them," Palmer says. He shows you how a slight change in your grip can take the hook or slice right out of your game.

If you can't break 90, let alone 80, one little movement you may be making could account for those extra strokes. Palmer tells you what it is, and what to do about it. If everyone knew that, as he says, "There wouldn't be any golfers around still trying to break 100. In fact, there wouldn't be any 90 shooters. Everybody would be shooting in the 70's or low 80's. This would be really a happy country."

Your swing? Arnie gives you two simple rules. He tells you one small mistake that can turn an otherwise perfect swing into a disastrous shot . . . and

how you can be one of the very few golfers who know how to avoid it.

He has some cogent advice about distance, too. "This whole matter of length," he writes "is a lot less important than everybody seems to think." He shows you techniques that can increase your control of your club, and still give you the distance you need. "If you've been in the 90's or over," he says, "I'll make you a little bet that you shoot five or ten strokes better than your average."

And this is only the beginning of what Arnold Palmer's book can do for you.

It began as a series of articles in *Sports Illustrated* a while back. They were so superb that we asked Arnold Palmer to let out shaft and give you all the details. The result is this book which is almost like having him right at your elbow as he tells you and shows you with drawings and many color photographs:

- How to cut three strokes off your game in fifteen minutes
- How to get on edge on 98% of golfers the minute you pick up your club
- How to avoid the mistake 9 out of 10 golfers make on the backswing
- How a strange experiment could lead to your best round of the year
- How to swing harder while trying less
- Four fatal mistakes to avoid while practicing
- The "greatest stroke-saver" ever invented — and much, much more!

"The fundamentals are reasonably simple," he continues, "but over and above these fundamentals, there is an art to golf — an art you need to know to enjoy it to the fullest, and to realize your own full potential."

"You have to develop a mental approach that will always insure you that you will never beat yourself . . . Once you've acquired this mental attitude, miracles can happen. They are bound to happen."

It's Arnie's own special grasp of this art of golf — his understanding of the "above-the-shoulders" game, and his ability to pass this knowledge on to you — that make **MY GAME AND YOURS** so valuable to you as a golfer!

The Shots That Can Make or Break You

He shows you how your clubs can fool you sometimes . . . why the five iron won't do on Sunday what it did on Saturday. He gives you a full chapter on the neglected art of choosing the right club — a part of your game that can mean victory or defeat. He shows you how to judge distance better . . . and how to avoid coming up short on the approaches, which has licked more golfers than you can shake a club at.

He tells you six treacherous holes to watch out for, and how to keep them from running your round. He tells you how to prepare yourself before you tee off . . . how to shake tension, build confidence, get the momentum you need to get on top and stay there. He shows you how to finish strong and steady even if you begin getting bushed around the 16th or 17th.

He tells you how you can talk yourself into being a good player regardless of the technique you use . . . and passes along one secret that can start you sinking them from all over the place.

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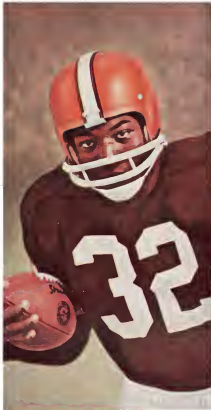
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4 Was the interior designed for real people or midgets? (Chris-Crafts are famous for the ingenious use of hull space. Check our headroom, length of berths, and all other important dimensions, including storage room.)

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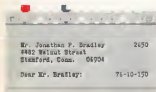
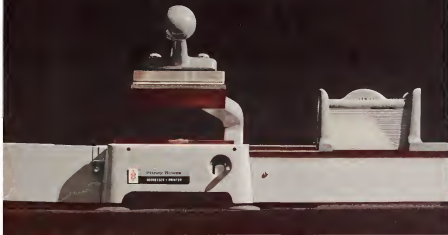
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The world's fastest typist could type this address in approximately four seconds. You, sweet Amelia, with the aid of our little machine, can do it in less than one.

Think of a quartet of the world's speediest typists, belting and pounding away on their typewriters. Then think of yourself, dear little Amelia, calmly pressing a handle. With the help of our Pitney-Bowes machine, you can address envelopes just as fast as they can. But, unlike the most horribly efficient high-speed typist, you can't make a mistake.

The machine you'd be using is the Pitney-Bowes 701 Addresser-Printer. We gave it this name because it does much more than just address envelopes. (It's the best way we know of to head up statements.) It will take up to 10 lines of information, print addresses on

letters, add "Dear Whoozit", stamp out direct mail programs, and do any boring, repetitious piece of typing you may have around.

If you think there's too much of this kind of work where you work, drop us a line at Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1011 Crosby Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06904, and we'll send you a booklet to read about this inexpensive little office-helper. We promise it won't be boring.



Pitney-Bowes

Originator of the
POSTAGE METER

SCORECARD

A SILENCE AT BALTIMORE

If only in a small way, a professional team at last has told television to get out of the way of the game.

The Baltimore Bullets of the National Basketball Association went on national television last January 10 in a game against New York. So that its own announcers would not be inconvenienced by the public address system, ABC-TV told the Bullets not to let Roger Griswold, public address announcer, say a word during play, not even to give the names of those scoring baskets. He could, if he wished, talk during commercials, the Bullets were told. The Bullets complied. Then in a recent game against Philadelphia, their second on the network, Griswold called the plays as usual.

"Not having the public address system working made for a lousy game," General Manager Paul Hoffman explained. "It took too much color away, and the fans started hollering and complaining."

Hoffman said he had the backing of the Bullets' owners and will never silence the public address system again without a direct order from the NBA commissioner.

OLD FOLKS' HOME

The New York World's Fair, which was a colossal flop financially in 1964, is refurbishing itself here and there in the hope that the 1965 season will be better. The innovation we like best is something called, in the gaudy language of the circus spieler, the Pavilion of Dynamic Maturity. It features a patio, says the press release, "where an older person can relax and catch his breath."

REMEMBER THE KID?

On the porch of a house on a Cuban farm that he calls Finca Margarita, Kid Gavilan sits and rocks. He is all but blind from cataracts. His liver bothers him. When he was the world welterweight boxing champion and bought Finca Margarita it was a showplace. Now the house is eaten by termites. The grounds are unkempt. All the dollars and

pesos are gone. There are two children. "He cannot do any work," says Mrs. Gavilan. "Not even in the garden. He needs doctors' care. We will have to give up the farm and move to the city."

Before this year Gavilan, a convert of Jehovah's Witnesses, had been in and out of jail half a dozen times. Zealots had looked on his lay preaching as subversive.

One recent day José Llanusa, director of Cuban sports, came to see him. "He spoke to me very nice," Gavilan told Al Burt, *Miami Herald* Latin America editor. "He said he didn't know I was living in Cuba these past years." Thanks to Llanusa, the Cuban government has now awarded the forgotten Kid, whose grace and guile in the ring thrilled millions and made him a fortune, a pension of \$200 a month.

THE SCOUT, S.J.

A big chap who looks like a former full-back, the Rev. William P. Hetherington, S.J., chairman of Xavier University's Department of Classic Languages, once said, "Give me a boy who's good at parsing Latin and knows something about Greek roots, and I'll go after him as though he were a 270-pound tackle." That, in fact, is what he does. He has applied to the recruiting of scholars some of the techniques of football and basketball coaches. At least once each year Father Hetherington goes on what he calls a "recruiting swing" to look over high school seniors and assay the strength and agility of the muscles in their brains.

The results of his academic recruiting have been impressive. During the past two years every graduate of the Xavier honors course has gone on to postgraduate work with a scholarship—at Columbia, Harvard, Wisconsin, Chicago, Indiana, Michigan, Georgetown, Notre Dame, Northwestern and Boston College. The course is heavily weighted with what Father Hetherington calls "the educative things"—Latin (26 hours), Greek (18 hours), math, science, economics and philosophy. With respect to

the emphasis on Latin and Greek, he observes: "A dead language is not one which no longer is spoken but one in which nothing was ever said."

He likes to get an occasional athlete into the group, which numbers 20. His Bill Eastlake, football guard, is one of 22 football scholars around the country to win \$1,000 NCAA scholarships this year. Eastlake will continue his economic studies at Stanford.

Not too oddly, it would appear that a certain amount of hanky-panky occurs in academic recruiting, comparable to what goes on in athletic recruiting.

"I know one case of a school offering a youngster a scholarship after his third year of high school," says the competitive Father Hetherington. "That, to my mind, is dirty pool."

OPPORTUNIST

After a superb season in Puerto Rico's winter league, Denny McLain, a young pitcher, has reported to the Detroit Tigers' training camp in Lakeland, Florida, all the more welcome because he had topped off his season in the Caribbean by winning the game that gave his



Mayaguez team a shot at the championship. After the game, screaming hero-worshippers mobbed him, hoisted him to their shoulders and carried him off the field in triumph. And one of them picked his pocket of \$30.

EAST MEETS BRUMMES

One of those polls has proclaimed that the British city where people watch television least is Birmingham, whose residents are much too busy with ballroom dancing, ice skating and amateur dra-

continued



Secret thoughts of a diamond dealer:

"...seven spades, my wife bids.
I think it's time for a double—
White Horse Scotch* that is."

*People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.



SCORECARD

matics to waste much time in front of the "goggle box." They are down-to-earth, sensible folks. It is a shock, therefore, to most of their countrymen, who call them Brummies, that there recently has occurred in Birmingham, of all places, a sudden rise in demand for instruction in yoga. Hundreds of Brummies are studying it in evening classes provided by a city government that thoughtlessly figured the subject would never go over at all. The city council, quite startled, has instituted an official inquiry. The worry is that Yoga may get completely out of control.

As a result of the inquiry, physical training experts are examining the 84 postures of hatha-yoga, most of these never seen before in Birmingham. The philosophical content of the courses is being analyzed, too, and one expert has condemned yoga as un-British because it is not conducive to teamwork. More like muscle-building and, begad, decidedly narcissistic.

The passion of the Brummies continues, though, and there are testimonials that cannot be faken lightly. Witnesses say that they feel less nervous after yoga exercises, that it has dispersed rheumatic pains, and that it has helped a golfer's concentration on the first tee. At least two housewives believe that yoga keeps their feet warm.

Admirers of Birmingham are reassured, however, that the pupils have not yet discarded the long list of pleasures full-time yogis abstain from. Brummies still break for a cup of tea, a smoke and a chin-wag about the relative merits of the local soccer clubs.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND AGAIN

The job of Intourist is to promote the Soviet Union as a tourist resort, a playground of culture, adventure and fun. Its latest effort is to lure capitalist hunters to Siberia for an eight-day, \$1,500 safari by guaranteeing the trophy—a specimen of the Siberian brown bear. Hunters sign up in advance, then wait for a bear to be found by Intourist fieldmen in Irkutsk and officially reserved for "export purposes." Once the bear is found, notification is teleprinted to the Intourist bureau in Paris, which then calls the marksman at the head of the list. Next day he sets out from France on his 8,400-mile round trip.

With the plan only a month old, Paris reports the offering has met with enthu-

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

sism. Hard-currency applications have been pouring in. But only one bear has been killed, a 660-pound brute which was awakened rudely from winter hibernation, peered from the mouth of his cave and was summarily shot by a fearless French hunter. Since then indolent Siberian bears have lost interest in their value as an economic commodity. In-touist supply center in Irkutsk regrets to report that, due to local "earth tremors" and other disturbances, bear production is at a standstill. In spite of the great demand the bottom has dropped clean out of the bear market.

SPORTSWOMAN'S BUSTY DAY

Retiring as post-master of the Garth and South Berks hunt, Miss Effie Barker recalled a £5 bet she had made 29 years ago, when she took over from the previous master, her father. She bet that within 12 hours she could be in at the death of a fox, shoot a partridge, catch a trout, play a set of tennis and a game of squash, dress and be at the theater in London, 40 miles away. She won.

At 53, Miss Barker thinks she could do it again.

LITTLE BEAR GROWS UP

In Arizona, where space may blunt a man's perspective and the folk are so arbitrary that a leading restaurant's menu includes lamb chops on the "vegetarian dinner," the hunting laws list small game as rabbit, squirrel, quail and bear.

The bear, once a predator to be hunted at any time, was added to the small-game list a few years ago in order to afford him protection. He now can be hunted only in season. He was not classified as big game because stockmen thought that would afford just too much protection to a marauder menacing their cattle.

Now a bill is before the legislature to take Bruin out of small game and into big-game status, with a proviso that he be protected by modern game-management techniques.

Pride is a factor in the move. Arizonians have been taking altogether too much kidding about their inability to tell a bear from a rabbit.

THE PRUDENT ATHLETE

As baseball players assemble at spring training camps this week, a lot of them are talking about a new organization called Sports Representatives Associa-

tion, headquartered in Los Angeles. SRA plans to help the players earn money during the off season and to prepare them for the day when their playing careers are over. Organized last November, it has signed 99 players to five-year contracts—among them Roger Maris, Jim Fregosi, Leon Wagner, Orlando Cepeda and Ed Beussoud.

No ordinary talent representative, SRA will have its members given aptitude tests to determine in what field other than baseball they might excel. They will be required to take suitable extension classes or correspondence courses. Elocution lessons will prepare them for television and radio appearances, including commercials. Each player is guaranteed that SRA will get him jobs paying him a specified amount (\$5,000 annually in the case of a player earning from \$27,000 to \$45,000 from baseball). Of this \$5,000 SRA takes 15% as its agency fee and puts another 10% in a trust fund for the player. Trust fund money will be invested for him.

After the baseball season opens, SRA expects to move heavily into other professional sports—among them football, basketball and golf. The founder of SRA is Tom Bunetta, formerly a television producer and entertainer, who became acquainted with many sports figures while using them on commercials. After picking up a suit for a player who had missed it at the cleaner's and paying a traffic fine for another, Bunetta decided that athletes need tender, loving care.

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

In the dark heart of Africa remains an aboriginal tribe which, like the shifting sand dunes, has withstood the impress of civilization. The pint-size, apricot-colored Kalahari Bushmen are Africa's most primitive inhabitants. They have no material possessions of consequence—no homes, no clothes, no tools, nothing worthy of defense. Called the Harmless People, they worship the moon, have a passion for honey and are extremely sensitive about their slight stature (under 5 feet). Coming upon one of these tiny desert creatures, one must never show surprise but instead greet him with the respectful phrase, "Good day! I saw you looming up afar."

For 300 years the Bushmen have roamed the desert north of the Orange River in southwestern Africa, protected from religion, education and culture by

continued

This 'Jeep' Wagoneer has
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Take the backwoods turnpikes and never falter.

Families who don't own a 'Jeep' Wagoneer miss a lot of the fun!

You can take your Wagoneer camping, fishing, hunting, or just plain exploring over rough, rutty, fourth-rate roads that are impassable for ordinary wagons.

Downpours? Washouts? Mud? Snow? Shift into 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. You've

got power at all 4 wheels, so you pull right through.

And when the road gives out, make your own. That extra traction opens up a whole new world of driving fun.

On the highway, you roll along in the comfort you'd expect. All the options are there: like automatic transmission, power

steering, power brakes. Largest load space in its field. And that one big "plus" that makes this the first really new family wagon in years... 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

No wonder they call this 'Jeep' Wagoneer one of the "Unstoppables"! Test drive it at your 'Jeep' dealer's soon.

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First really new
family wagon in years.
'Jeep' Wagoneer
with 4-wheel drive.

Tour Europe without feeling like a tourist.

Follow us. On an Air France Jet Away Holiday Tour.

Where?

Anywhere in Europe you'd like to go. Tour prices start as low as \$699 (including round-trip air fare) for 21 glorious days and nights in France, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Switzerland.

Itineraries are completely flexible. In fact, we tailor them to your interests. Go with a group or on your own. Cruise on a

luxury liner, or take to the open road in a snug convertible. Stay in luxury hotels or quaint inns.

You tell us how you'd like to travel and what you'd like to see, and all the details will be handled beforehand—your reservations, rental of your car, mapping out your route, even hiring a guide. (All so you can spend more time having fun, less time trying to find things.)

You'll know where you're going and

you'll be treated warmly when you get there. And you'll have the travel information services of the world's largest airline at your disposal, whenever and wherever you need them.

Stop in at your local Air France office, or the office of your travel agent, and browse through the colorful Air France Jet Away Holiday tour folders.

Make this the year you tour Europe without feeling like a tourist.



Maybe you'd find this majestic setting near Berchtesgaden on your own; maybe not. No maybe on an Air France Jet Away Holiday Tour.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
à Votre Service



their wandering nature. Now the first Bushman has compromised with the 20th century—Tamaa, a migratory farmhand who learned to drive a 1938 Ford truck in the cornfields at the edge of the desert. He found roads leading out and away from the fields inviting—but they are public and available to licensed drivers only. So Tamaa, who has no age or last name, had himself driven to town one day recently. There he perched himself in the driver's seat on a pile of cushions, started and stopped, reversed, interpreted a few road signs and finally was issued the first Bushman driver's license.

HOW MIGHTY ARE THE HIGH?

Unlike medical centers devoted solely to the sick, the Lovelace Foundation in Albuquerque also is interested in healthy types such as test pilots and astronauts to find out how they will perform at high altitudes and under extreme temperatures.

Now the Lovelace scientists are discussing the possibility of transferring some of this aerospace expertise to the problems of athletes. As the 1968 Olympic Games will be held in Mexico City, 7,800 feet above sea level, they are wondering whether it would not be good for the U.S. team to train in almost mile-high Albuquerque.

To evaluate such matters, Lovelace's Dr. Roy Goddard, who is chairman of the National AAU Sports Medicine Committee, is proposing an international symposium on the effects of altitude on athletes. Dr. Goddard also has asked the AAU for a national indoor track meet to be held in Albuquerque. This would give the athletes experience in competition at a high altitude and Lovelace a supply of guinea pigs.

It is all in the talk stage at present, but it sounds sensible.

THEY SAID IT

• Arnold Levy, sole winner of a \$108,242.40 twin double recently at Hialeah and winner in January 1964 of a \$75,002.20 twin double at Tropical Park: "The twin double is the worst thing that ever happened to horse racing. It's too easy to fix."

• Shelby Metcalf, Texas A&M basketball coach, on his advice to one of his players who made four F's and a D: "Son, looks to me like you're spending too much time on one subject."

END

Of all the Englishmen who drink gin... how many drink Gordon's?

Most of them. And it's been that way for years. To be blunt about it, Gordon's is England's biggest selling gin—as it is America's and the world's. Why? Probably because we have always refused to tamper with a good thing. Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original formula—conceived in London 195 years ago—so its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour remain unchanged and unchallenged to this day. Ask for Gordon's by name.



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Free new full-color booklet describes all six Cushman Golf Cars. Mail the coupon for your copy today!

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A simple story

This is what makes a VW go.
It's a VW engine, plain and simple.
It doesn't have Super Skyrocket
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It isn't a Power Plant.

When you look at it, you don't feel
inferior to it. (Some people even think
it's a funny little engine. Until they see
how fast it pushes our funny little car.)

But VW owners don't think it's funny.
In fact, most of them don't think about
it at all. They only know that every
time you turn the key, something goes
"r-r-r-UM." And you're off.

The engine looks small because it
is small. As you can see, there's no
radiator, water pump or water hoses.

Because (as you can't see) a big
fan cools it with air, not water. That's
why our engine can't freeze when it's
freezing, or boil when it's boiling.

Each part we left out is a part you'll
never have to repair. And the parts
we left in were so thoughtfully
designed that they don't have
to move very far or very fast

to do their job.

So even when the engine does
hard work, it doesn't work hard. It's
that simple.

And a relaxed engine uses gas
more efficiently. Ours averages 32
miles per gallon of regular.

If you run it for a long, long time
like most people do the day may
come when your wife says, "It's making
funny noises."

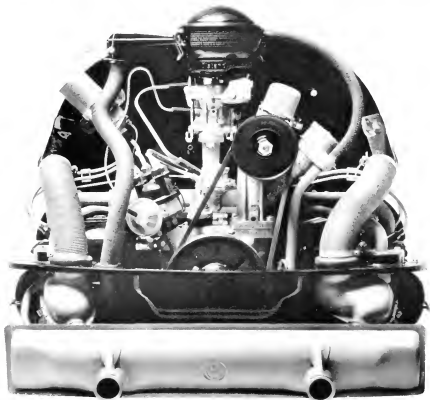
That's the day you'll discover that
repairs are every bit as simple as the
engine itself.

A VW mechanic can replace the
whole works in 90 minutes (if he ever
has to). And the parts are laid out so
he can fix them the minute they need
help. (But they almost never do.)

You don't see an engine like that
very often. So, if you're planning to
buy a Volkswagen, take a good look
at the picture.

Because when you drive our
car long enough, you'll forget
what our engine looks like.

about a simple engine.



*Leader of U.S. defense against European challenge,
Billy Kidd speeds down training slopes for Coach Beattie*

A BULLET IN THE ROCKIES

by DAN JENKINS

Alpine ski racing is the sport in which an athlete hopes to streak down from the top of a mountain to the bottom of a cup of hot chocolate faster than a speeding bullet—and never mind if he risks cracking his skull against a tree trunk on the way. It has nothing to do with pleasure skiing. There are no pauses for yodeling, lighting up a filter tip or conning the best dished-up bunny on the snow into thinking the old leg won't take it today. Ski racing is a dangerous, instinctive plunge, requiring nerve, concentration and stamina. It is also a sport in which the U.S., despite a fierce dedication to the goal, has yet to outbrave or outstreak the powerful Austrians and French. Those Europeans, seemingly, soon after birth develop legs with seven-foot-long slats attached in place of feet. The U.S. trailed them in third place at the 1962 World Championships in Chamonix and last year in the Innsbruck Olympics.

Next week, in the high Rockies at Vail, Colo., the U.S. confronts the Austrians and French on home snow, and this time the carving skis of Billy Kidd (see cover), possibly our finest racer ever, might—just might—put America over

continued







World's best skier, daredevil Jean-Claude Killy of France, heads assault on U.S. mountains.

the top. The Vail events begin the biggest and most exciting invasion of American slopes by Alpine experts since handsome Austrian instructors discovered that well-heeled American bunnies were in need of handsome Austrian instruction. This happens to be an off year in international ski racing, with the next world championships not scheduled until the summer of 1966 at Portillo, Chile and the Winter Olympics in Grenoble three long winters away. Even so, the Swiss and Canadians are so provoked at not being asked to Vail that they are invading a few days later for the best of the remaining U.S. meets, including the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley and the National Championships at Crystal Mountain, Wash. Besides the Americans, they will find the French and Austrians at Sun Valley and the Austrians staying on for the Nationals.

The man responsible for the invasion is the coach of the U.S. national team, blustery, fast-moving, scheming, dedicated Bob Beattie (rhymes with ski-batty), the self-appointed savior of U.S. Alpine hopes and dreams.

For years America lived in the *après-ski* world of cocktail parties and individual training, and had trouble understanding why the Europeans raced better. Then along came Beattie, who is the University of Colorado ski coach in his spare time, with a simple and unsettling message. "We got to get off our butts and ski faster," growled Beattie. Since 1961 his training methods, which have called for unprecedented physical and mental exertion on the part of his racers, have drawn criticism from such skiing personalities as Denver University Coach Willy Schaeffler, Beattie's main collegiate rival; Olympic gold medalist Andrea Mead Lawrence; and friends of Mammoth Mountain's Coach Dave McCoy, whose easygoing nature is preferred by the girl racers. But while his critics have nattered, Beattie has worked. "You can't take college kids from the framework of our society and beat the Europeans, who've done nothing but ski all their lives, unless you work and get tough," he says. "You can't go from a cocktail party to a slalom and beat Karl Schranz."

Last year Beattie, despite his promises of a breakthrough, almost snowplowed into obscurity before the last men's race of the Olympics. But on that cold day outside Innsbruck, with thousands lining the slalom course, Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga, two quiet, determined, 20-year-old Beattie loyalists, won silver and bronze medals. These, as followers of skiing will recall, were the first men's Olympic medals ever taken by Americans. Then one week later in Garmisch at the Arlberg Kandahar, the Masters Tournament of skiing, Jimmy Heuga won the slalom and, another first for the U.S., the combined.

Bob Beattie's reaction to this last-hour success was predictable. He did not feel rescued or pardoned from the wrath of his critics. He simply released a little more energy. "We finally lit the fires," he said, sounding a bit like Football Coach Bear Bryant and relishing it.

Bob Beattie's critics did him no real harm, for he was reappointed as national coach last June. The only point on which they were close to the target was that he showed harshness and impatience in handling the girl racers. Even so, Jean Saubert came very close to getting two golds at Innsbruck, and lost out only because those rowdy French girls, Marielle and Christine Gotschel, came up with superperformances. Indeed, the thing the ruling powers of the U.S. Ski Association realized, even if some of the critics did not, was that Beattie had given American racers a spirit and program they had never had. He still works 24 hours a day, arranging, persuading, cajoling, coaching, phoning, figuring, worrying, to sustain it.

What Beattie has given to U.S. ski racing was expressed recently by Jean-Claude Killy, France's newest star and the best skier in Europe today. Killy, a soulful, lean, blue-eyed citizen of Val-d'Isère (his father's hotel and sports shop is a quick schuss from the Gotschel pension), is a close friend of Jimmy Heuga who attended Beattie's early training camp at Bend, Ore. in August. "The Americans have a spirit that has made me better understand the sport," Killy says. "They are passionate, and they have fun. Their way represents the ideal to me. And they are now formidable racers."

Beattie is a man of formidable impulses, a doer. He no sooner envisioned the three-way American International

meet, as the Vail races are called, than he went straight to ABC-TV and sold it for the network's *Wide World of Sports*. Television money will pay for bringing the Austrians and French to the U.S. Before this "off year" is over, six American races will have been televised, thanks to Beattie's hard sell.

Beattie's coaching and private lives have long since fused into one—one big blur of motion, unrest, gruffness, extreme pleasure and perpetual crisis. Beattie seems to believe that whatever he does is a mere step toward a loftier goal that will somehow define itself before he arrives. For example, he was walking one day along Broadway, the campus drag in Boulder, when he saw a vacant building. He leased it with no money, called his brother Jack in Laconia, N.H. and said, "We're partners in a ski shop, come on out," Jack came, and the Alpine Haus is now a successful business. Bob Beattie rarely sees it.

On a similar impulse he bought four lots after a Sunday drive through Pine Brook Hills, a lovely ridge on a front range of the Rockies overlooking Boulder. He still has three, and on one he has built a \$27,000 home for himself, his wife Ann and his children, Sazy, 7, and Bobby, 5. It is a handsome design of glass, beams, rock, raw lumber and mortgages. Not long ago a man told Beattie he could have his own personal label on a wine bottle. Beattie bought 24 cases. All of these acts, and numerous lesser ones, prompted Ann to write him a wistful note: "Dear Quantity Buyer, Our cup runneth over."

Since Beattie's life is dominated by his intense desire to beat the Europeans, by his preoccupation with ski racing—worldwide, nationwide and Boulderwide—everything else suffers. It is nothing for Beattie's skiers, friends or family to be swooped up and driven at Grand Prix speeds to a mountain and then be totally ignored for hours or even days. He has moved from one place to another so quickly that after a furious two weeks his boots have been returned to him from Aspen, his parka from Vail, his skis from Eldora, his Sazy from Crested Butte and his Bobby from Steamboat Springs. Chief retriever, keeper, understander, consoler, ego builder, chef, wine steward, cleaning lady, psychiatrist and bookkeeper is, of course, Ann ("one of the great women of our time," says Beattie).



Married and best of the women invaders are Franca's Gotschel sisters, Marielle and Christine

continued

It was Beattie who taught Ann to ski. He commenced by taking her to the top of a steep trail and saying, "Go straight down." Beattie left. Ann went straight down—and broke her leg. Nowadays she skis more cautiously but goes flat-out in everything else. She teaches a full load of Spanish at Boulder's DeWaula Junior High School, shovels snow, fixes flats, repairs electrical and plumbing hiccups and laughs a lot. She is den mother to America's best skiers as well. She cannot remember a time when only Beattie lived in the house. Currently, Jimmy Heuga and Spider Sabich are sleeping on rollaways in the den, with Heuga's Irish setter, Shamus, lavishing affection on both. Last spring Ni Orsi was the guest. This spring Billy Kidd will probably move in, and maybe Billy Marolt. With the exceptions of Middlebury Downhiller Gordy Eaton and Denver's slalom specialist Rick Chaffee, all of the top U.S. racers are students at the University of Colorado. Well, Orsi was. A flashy but likable Californian—"the Joe Don Looney of skiing," jokes a friend—Orsi has withdrawn for a semester to pursue the rewards. Beattie assumes, of active sur-

ing, golf, flying, sports car racing, art, cooking or water skiing, at all of which he seems to be adept. Still on the national team, Orsi plans to return to Colorado one day. He happens to be America's best downhill racer. Kidd and Heuga are the slalom and giant-slalom aces. Marolt and Sabich are fast improving in all three events.

Spending an evening in the Beattie household, or dormitory, is like being trapped on a frantic movie set. The scene is something like this: Ann Beattie is watching 10 pounds of steak with one eye, preparing a dinner for 13, and translating the ski news from the French sports daily *L'Équipe* with the other. Heuga is wrestling with Shamus. Marolt is wrestling with the children. Kidd is reading on the divan. Heuga's girl friend, a cute blonde named Bonnie Ogilvie, is mixing the salad. Beattie, through a spray of cigar smoke, is bellying into the telephone to someone in New York, Paris, Kitzbuhel or Vail. If Orsi were around, he most likely would be practicing his fast-draw technique, which he hopes will land him a part in a western movie. No one present will soon forget the spectacle of Orsi arriving at Beattie's for a date with one of the overnight boarders. He wore a white lapelless jacket, cowboy boots, sideburns, Beattie trousers and a six-shooter faced to his gun leg.

Not all of Beattie's racers are as far out as Orsi, but they are all individualists. Heuga is the coolest dancer west of Trude Heller's in Greenwich Village, having invented the frug before anyone knew how to pronounce discotheque. Billy Kidd is an accomplished amateur photographer and an unusually conscientious student. Spider Sabich, whose name is a vivid reminder of the fact that American racers have names like movie stars—Spider, Rip, Rebel, Rick, Rex, Starr, Margo, Tammy, Wendy, Sandy ("Need anyone wonder why Bob has to be firm?" asks Ann)—holds the individual record for fractures. He has broken his leg five times and his arm once. Marolt is the nearest thing to an average American youth—and he is the lad who borrowed a bus in Innsbruck, creating an international incident.

They are a devoted group, devoted not only to Beattie but to each other and the goal of outskiffing the Europeans by 1966, 1968 or, when they dream a little, next week. Always close, Beattie

and the boys were brought even closer together last April when Buddy Werner, their pioneering leader, perished in an avalanche at St. Moritz. Beattie went to Switzerland to bring home the body. When the plane finally arrived at Denver at 9 p.m. the whole Olympic team was there, waiting for Bob to tell them it wasn't so. Beattie's skis are racing this season in black armbands; the Vail races have been dedicated to Werner's memory.

When Buddy died and the only other U.S. veteran, Chuck Ferries, retired from racing to sell skis and coach the girls—a job Beattie enjoys describing as “a real adventure”—there was not at first a team leader. There is now. In his own curious way it is Billy Kidd. Kidd is a polite, rather wide-eyed young man from Stowe, Vt. He leads by example—the example of being a prideful, resolute competitor and, if this season is proof enough, a racer of truly immense talent.

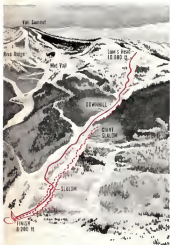
A year ago Kidd gave an indication that he might be exactly that. A tireless worker who has a strange ability to practice slowly under total control, most racers practice at top speed—he not only finished second in the Olympic slalom, he was, in unofficial calculations, the third-best combined racer at Innsbruck or, if you prefer, in the world. He has done nothing but improve. In January, he swept the Roeh Cup events at Aspen, something no one except Buddy Werner had done before. He became the first to win the Roeh two consecutive years. In one spurt Kidd won eight straight races, which no one had ever done in major competitions in the U.S. He has actually lost only four races all season out of 13.

"He's really something," says the soft-voiced Heugn. "He's got great confidence. He's so controlled. Gee, you just can't see a mistake anywhere."

Says Marolt, "I'm racing better than I've ever raced in my life, but Billy—man, he's incredible."

Kidd himself is not that impressed. "I'm skiing well," he admits, "but it's just maturity, experience and Bob's program paying off. We're all a little better. Marolt is this close to beating me right now. Jimmy's starting to cut loose."

"Kidd wants our other guys to beat him if they ski fantastic," says Beattie. "But he doesn't want anyone else to beat him. Now, that's not right. Kidd



Wall race courses are steep, fast and in places tricky, resembling the classic European ones.

doesn't want anyone to beat him—ever."

The most fascinating question posed by the Vail meet is: Just how good is Kidd? No one can be sure; he has not raced against the Europeans so far this season. Clearly he will have to ski well indeed to surpass the top invaders. Take Jean-Claude Killy. Voted the best all-round skier of the year by European reporters, Killy has been nearly as hot as Kidd and against far stiffer competition. He has won three major races, including the Hahnenkamm slalom, and he has had four seconds. The French men's team will also include the reliable Guy Perillat, who won the Lauberhorn slalom. Léo Lacross, Michel Arpin, Pierre Stamos and Jules Melquiond.

The six-man Austrian team will be led by Karl Schranz who, despite his nine hard years of racing, has had a spectacular 1965 season in downhill with a victory in the Arlberg Kandahar and five finishes in the top three. Olympic Downhill Champion Egon Zimmermann was injured in a car accident and is unlikely to be fit in time for Vail. The other five Austrians are Hugo Nindl, Gerhard Nennig, Heini Mess-

ner, Franz Digruber and Stefan Sodal.

Team points in the American Internationals will be tabulated on a 6-4-3-2-1 basis for the first five places in each of the three events. First comes the downhill on Saturday, a two-mile run featuring unusual, plateaued runouts and one crucial turn before the final schuss, the slalom on Sunday and the giant slalom on Monday. The format was devised by Beattie, and he carefully arranged for two team trophies to be awarded, one for the men and a separate one for women. There was a reason.

The American girls will be woeful underdogs to the French, who have those Gotschels plus Annee Famosse and Christine Terrailon, and to Austria's Traudl Hecher, Christl Haas, Edith Zimmermann and Grete Digruber. Jean Saubert is not in top condition, planning, as she is, to retire before the FIS meet in Chale. Linda Meyers, Jean Hannah and Sandy Shellworth will likely complete the Vail team. Shellworth is a tall, strong girl who could emerge as our next Saubert if she begins to race consistently. There are others with potential—Suzy Chaffee, Cathy Nagel and Wendy and

Cathy Allen. All of the members of the national team, 15 men and 10 women, will race at Vail to fall out an attractive program, but only the top six men and four girls will be in point-counting competition with the Europeans.

"Our girls could surprise me," says Beattie, mixing hope and cynicism. "They've never done anything but surprise me, one way or another."

Beattie decided last season, even before the Olympics, that the girls should have their own coach in the future. Beattie chose Ferries—a man he can work with. The men's team is something else. His own personal property, in fact.

"They're great," Beattie says. "You know why they're great? Because they're college kids who can ski like hell. Anybody would want Kidd, Heuga or Marolt for a son. Marolt is thinking about becoming a dentist. If he'll do that, I'll put him in business. Something like that would be a greater satisfaction for me than anything."

Except beating the Europeans, of course.

"Yeah," says Beattie, smiling. "There's something to that." **END**

At home as elsewhere: Bob Beattie (left) living—here with Colorado U. Publicist Fred Casoli. Recer Jim Heuga, daughter Suzy and his wife Ann.



THE AGONY OF LEFTY DRIESELL

Unbeaten in its league, Lefty's Davidson team lost its chance at an NCAA basketball title, as Southern Conference officials continued to choose a tournament representative in their own peculiar fashion

by JOE JARES



Exhorting during a time-out and on his knees during the action, Lefty tries to pull Davidson through its second-round game with West Virginia.

Back and forth across the Carolinas and Virginias, where college basketball rates higher than barbecue, the schools of the Southern Conference torment each other with diabolic defenses, home-court advantages and 6-foot 11-inch carpetbuggers. A coach needs to gather not only his wits about him but four or five fine Yankee athletes as well, to get through the schedule with hude and pride intact.

This season Coach Lefty Driesell of Davidson College, Mecklenburg County, N.C., proved himself the most adept gatherer. His Wildcats lost their second game, to St. Joseph's in Philadelphia's inhospitable Palestra, then reeled off 22 straight victories from Jacksonville, Fla., to Madison Square Garden. The tiny Presbyterian school, highly rated academically for more than 125 years, was unbeaten in 12 league games and was

the obvious choice to represent the conference against Providence in Philadelphia on March 8, the first step toward a possible NCAA championship. But few things are logical in the Southern Conference, a strange assortment of public, church and military schools that has changed borders more often than Czechoslovakia. 32 institutions have been members at one time or another since its founding in 1921.

Last week the entire season was thrown out with the leftover ham hocks. Davidson came into the Charlotte Coliseum along with seven of the conference also-rans to play it all over again in a three-day, single-elimination tournament. And as per custom since the dark ages of Dixie basketball, the journey champion would be the conference champion. Even Virginia Military Institute, with the eighth best winning per-

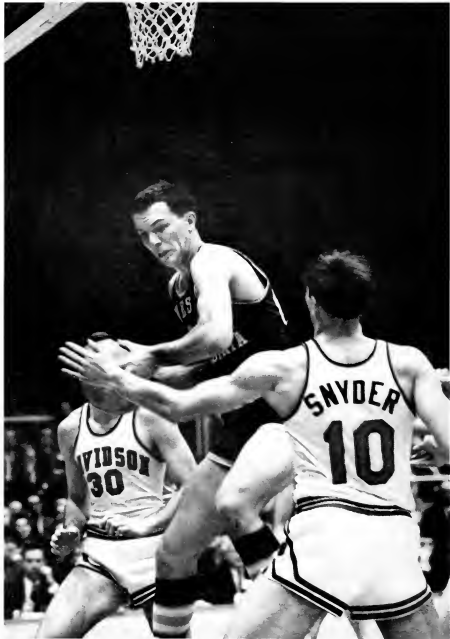
centage, had a chance. Last year the Keydets eliminated regular-season champ Davidson in the second round, 82-81, after Davidson Guard Barry Teague had taken what would have been the winning shot in the last seconds. The ball rolled the wrong way on the rim like a loaded die.

"It's quite a job to get 'em up for the second night," said Coach Driesell before the opening round last week. "I think that's what happened last year. For the first game you've got time to get 'em prepared. But if we win that, then we don't have a whole lot of time. We've got the tourney plus three games before we go to Portland [for the NCAA finals], but it all could be over tomorrow. That's the frightening part of it. I think anybody in this tournament could win that gets a hot hand."

Charlotte's Chamber of Commerce

continued

A problem for the Davidson defense all night—he scored 28 points—West Virginia Guard John Lashier steals a rebound from two Wildcats.



tournament committee was packed with Davidson alumni and boosters. The city is just 20 miles south of the campus, and the Wildcats play half their home games in the Coliseum. Davidson people say Lefty Driesell has given them something to "be right proud of" at last. "I was graduated from Davidson about the same time Lefty graduated from Duke," said one alumnus. "I recall we lost about 33 major athletic events in a row. So this team is a real treat for us. Lefty was an unknown when he came here. I saw Duke play right much when I was going to Davidson, and I don't remember him at all. The first time I saw him was September four years ago, when most of the boys on this team were freshmen. Lefty did one thing. He went out and really sold boys on his product, Davidson College."

One of the buyers was tall Fred Hetzel from Washington, D.C., an All-America who made close to 60% of his shots this season. There was Don Davidson from Salem, Ohio, all-state in football and basketball as a prep and quick enough, even at 6 feet 5 inches, to handle opposing guards. And with them was a

jumping junior from North Canton, Ohio, named Dick Snyder, who picked Davidson over 75 other schools that fancied him. In high school he was an All-America quarterback, all-state in basketball, honorable-mention all-state in basketball and a good student. Ohio State insisted on giving him a football scholarship, but Dick wanted to play basketball. Neither he nor his family had ever heard of Davidson. But Lefty, who works much faster than his native Virginia speech patterns would indicate, changed that. Snyder broke the record in Davidson's freshman athletic ability test, running the 100-yard dash in 10.3 and punting a football 54 yards, among other things. He plays center field and pitches for the baseball team, and the major league scouts faithfully attend every game. With scant practice he beat the school's top triple jumper by two feet.

In basketball Snyder finished second to Hetzel in Southern Conference scoring this season and rebounded as if the floors were trampolines. Each game he guarded the best front-court man on the opposing team. In the opening round of

the tournament Thursday his assignment was VMI's all-conference forward Charlie Schmaus. Snyder stayed closer to Schmaus's jersey than Schmaus did himself and held him to 10 points, his lowest total of the season. Snyder scored 28 points and Hetzel 31. Davidson won 86-73. The nation's longest victory string was extended to 23, but the folks in red-dirt Mecklenburg County were edgy, especially Coach Driesell.

He entered the dressing room after the VMI game to find reporters talking to his players and growled to the guards, "Get these boys out of here." He remembered the second-round upset of the year before, and so did everyone else. Waiting for Lefty the next night was West Virginia, several notches below the quality of the Jerry West, Rod Hundley and Rod Thorn days, but still dangerous. The Mountaineers, struggling through a rare losing season while a fine freshman team simmered, started shooting like Daniel Boone in their last regular game, embarrassing a good Virginia Tech team by a 54-point margin at Morgantown. In the first game of the tournament they shot a record 62% from the floor in beating George Washington. Perhaps this was the team with the "hot hand" to send Davidson's intellectuals back to the classroom.

"We're going to win it," said West Virginia Coach George King before the tourney. "I'll go on record on that. The kids think we'll win it, and so do I. This has been an awful year for us, but now we have a new lease on life. We can make amends."

Davidson had the pressure of the winning streak and the worries of a second-round jinx, but it also had the overwhelming support of the fans, many of whom had helped fill the arena the previous year when the tournament had brought in \$93,000 net and brought down the Wildcats. Guard Barry Teague's sister Sharon, a pretty, dark-haired Charlotte student who helps lead cheers, put as much energy into the battle as he did, and Guard Charlie Marcon's sister watched tensely from the stands. West Virginia had a chorus line of lovelies, a rooting section that strained to be heard and a red-bearded youth dressed up like a mountaineer and leaning on a long rifle.

At the start West Virginia threw up a zone defense that the CIA might have had trouble penetrating, and Don David-

After a year of more losses than victories, Mountaineer cheerleaders celebrate overtime win.



son got into foul trouble, forcing Driesell to take him out. The backcourt was unable to get the ball in to Hetzel and Snyder often enough to take advantage of numerous Mountaineer ball-handling errors, and the Wildcats left at half time trailing by four points, 32-36. But Davidson rooters passed the word to remember the comeback in Madison Square Garden against NYU. The pessimists had other arguments, one of them being John Lisher, a junior guard from Delaware who does not take a shot unless his West Virginia teammates put the long rifle to his head. After shooting only five times in the first game and making three he was under orders to be less timid. He had scored 14 in the first half.

Davidson kept its poise, as it has all year, even though West Virginia came out firing in the second half and quickly increased its margin to 13 points. Led by Teague, the Wildcats went to a pressing defense and slowly as the scoreboard clock blinked the seconds away, sliced small pieces off West Virginia's lead until they made it 68 all. With eight seconds remaining Davidson won a tip-off at midcourt, but Teague missed a desperation jump shot at the buzzer. A team that Davidson had beaten twice during the regular season was in overtime against the conference leader.

In the five-minute extra period West Virginia worked its way to a 74-70 lead. Hetzel scored on a jump shot with seven seconds to go, but it was the last basket of his college career. When Davidson got a time-out, only two seconds were left and West Virginia used them up. The next night, for the ninth time since 1954, West Virginia won the tournament, beating William and Mary 70-67 in two more overtimes.

Mountaineer Coach King could sympathize with Lefty Driesell. The same thing had happened to him in his first year as head coach in 1961. "They're a fine ball club," he said of Davidson, "but anything can happen in a three-day tournament. They tell us the tournament is necessary, but I'd like to see some changes. I think it's a shame that you have to play all season just for a first seeding."

Staring at the pressroom floor after his defeat, Driesell insisted, "I still think we're the champions." The athletic directors of the Southern Conference, about \$100,000 richer from their tournament, didn't shed a tear.

END



In the stands Martha Marston, sister of Davidson guard, glumly follows last moments of play



The game lost, and with it all hope of a national championship, Martha wipes away her tears.

**YOU CAN
TAKE
THE BOY OUT
OF THE
COUNTRY**

by **MARK KRAM**



Dean Chance, a big, rangy farm boy from Ohio with all the ability and cocky confidence of a fictional busher, said he was good and then went out and proved it. Right now he's the best pitcher in the major leagues

Wilmer Dean Chance sat in this little cafeteria filled with giggling office girls, the smell of sauerkraut and the mumbling of old men hiding from the cold rain, and destroyed a hill of mashed potatoes. His pants, white flannel, were cuffless and tight, and they hung about three inches above a pair of alligator shoes, which he said he should be saving for Los Angeles, where people are more accustomed to such flash. A white knit tie rested comically short on a white shirt, and his pale-blue summer sport coat seemed a size too small. The customers stared at him, not because of his costume or the ferocity with which he attacked his lunch, but because—next to producing the first Christmas tree and a small Presbyterian college—producing Dean Chance is the biggest claim to identity that Wooster, Ohio has ever had. For better or—heaven forbid—for worse.

Chance, for those who may remember him only because of his widely chronicled nocturnal gambols with Bo Belinsky, his flamboyant teammate on the Los Angeles Angels for the past three seasons, was the best pitcher in the big leagues last year. After being only 5 and 5 in July at the All-Star Game break, he won 15 of his last 19 games to finish with a 20-9 record and a 1.65 earned-run average. He shut out the Yankees three times, beat them four times and allowed them only one run in 50 innings—a home run by Mickey Mantle. In all, he pitched 11 shutouts during the season. "Walter Johnson," said Dean, "was the last in the league to get that many shutouts."

For these and all his other accomplishments ("I gave 100 less hits than muggs pitched, and ain't nobody done that before") he won the Cy Young Award, presented annually to the outstanding pitcher in the major leagues. From the Angels, who finished in fifth place, large-

ly through his efforts, Chance last week received a contract for \$62,000, which would seem enough to help him support his wife, Judy, a Wisconsin farm girl he met when playing minor-league ball in Fox Cities, Wis., and his 2-year-old son—plus 60 head of cattle and 100 pigs that lounge on the 80-acre farm near Wooster that he bought several years ago. All of this, the success, the money, the family, the farm and another year of age, will serve to bring about, the people of Wooster hope, a sharp change in Chance's character—from something near Frank Sinatra, say, to nothing more extreme than Henry Aldrich.

To many in his audience in Wooster, a slightly puritanical community in which pool is still considered by some to be a nefarious distraction, a new Chance would be welcomed with a sigh of relief. His past conduct, which to conservative Wooster people has been only a shade short of outpurse, has been an embarrassment. People here ain't used to those sort of things, one is likely to hear from voices that sound remarkably like that of Lamar Gene Gumboddy, a Jonathan Winters invention. They ain't used to the way he's acted, always in a pool hall, always carrying a pool stick around everywhere he goes, always saying things he ought not to be saying, always getting in trouble with that Belinsky.

They seem to be asking whatever happened to the big kid who pitched on the sandlots wearing street shoes and street socks and bottle caps on his hat, the boy who used to walk home from 4-H competition with blue ribbons all the time. Other citizens of Wooster, more worldly, wonder why in his big-city travels he has never acquired sophistication and discretion, and why he remains a heedless clod (Chance has many advisers in Wooster) stumbling into one fuss after another.

Still, none of these views appeared to

hurt the attendance at a Dean Chance testimonial dinner this winter in Wooster that Chance seemingly created and produced himself. Dean sold tickets and newspaper ads and arranged for the appearances of other stars (free) as well as for the distribution of baseballs, bats, Los Angeles Angel yearbooks, photos and 50 pounds of bubble gum. The *Wooster Daily Record* published a special section devoted to the dinner and the life of Dean Chance. Chance volunteered his profile for 23 ads ("No Need to Take a Chance when Buying Your Meat") and his thoughts to a number of interviewers, like Ernie Infield, who concluded, "There can't be too much wrong with a kid who prefers to spend the hours of his greatest triumph with his home folks—and for their benefit." A big crowd turned out "for their benefit." Tickets were 50¢, and all of the proceeds were contributed to the Northwestern High athletic fund. Chance was visibly elated by the town's response, and the town was pleased to see that there was a lot of the farm still left in the boy.

"Look, he's only 23," explained a sympathetic friend. "Who was any different at 23? Especially a farm boy loose on the town!"

"I just like to have a little fun now and then," Chance said. "I do what I want to do, and I pick my own friends. Belinsky is the best friend I've ever had. He's never tried to influence me."

Much of the criticism of Chance's personal conduct is provoked by his relationship with Belinsky, who this winter was traded away from Los Angeles and Chance to Philadelphia. The names Belinsky and Chance had a vaudeville ring, and Los Angeles was more than suitable for their act. With Bo as his sponsor, Chance plunged into the social swirl of the city. Parties and introductions to "big, important people" followed. It was a long way from Wooster.

continued

where the manager of the bowling alley might well be considered a celebrity. "Bo sure knows his way around," said Chance. Dean found fun with Bo—and trouble. Curfew infractions, absence from a spring training practice, a nebulous involvement with a woman who, sporting a black eye and cuts, railed about them to a policeman, and other activities not considered particularly uplifting to Little Leaguers caught the disapproving eye of Los Angeles General Manager Fred Haney. For the episode with the woman, Chance, along with Belinsky, was fined \$250, despite Dean's plea that he was being victimized for just being there. For missing the practice, Haney relieved him of \$500. "Five C's!" ranted Chance. "That's a lot of dough, I could buy five cows with that." And then he said, "I don't understand it. Other guys get in trouble, and they give 'em a small fine. But with Bo and me they gotta make a federal case out of it."

Naturally, Belinsky emerged from all this as Chance's Svengali. It was Bo, critics contended, who was responsible for Dean's behavior. Dean, they said, was just a dumb old farm boy who did not know any better, and Dean was just a

caddie for Bo. Someone said Chance trailed behind lugging Belinsky's collapsible cue. Leon Wagner, the lip and outspoken outfielder who has since been traded from the Angels to the Cleveland Indians, disagreed. "Dean isn't any starry-eyed hanger-on," said Wagner. "Compared to Chance, Belinsky is a quiet guy. Dean knows his way around, and he can show Bo a few things."

There is partial truth in what Wagner said. For instance, Chance was not unoriented to the pool room before he met Belinsky; pool and cards have always been his favorite diversions. But though Chance is not the hunkin' so many think he is, he is still a big kid oscillating between two widely disparate environments—the austerity of life in small-town Wooster and the swinging world of a young man with a "hog name" in a huge city.

Chance might be described as a blend of Brett Maverick—television's bungling and handsome gambler—and Cecil (Highpockets) McDade, a less glamorous character who appears in a book by John R. Tunis. Bo appealed to the Maverick in Chance, and Maverick, at times, is all that Chance would like to be—slick, peacocks and cavalier. Skip the

bungling. Action! Gambling in Las Vegas, wheel and deal and let the good times roll. Suddenly all his friends were show people, the world's greatest pool players, the richest men in town. Maverick (Dean's son is named Brett) travels with the best. But more often than not Chance is only Highpockets—practical, plotting, egocentric, intractable, brutally candid and, after a while, a bore. It is Highpockets who is the baseball pitcher, and it is Highpockets who has got him into as much trouble as Maverick, and Highpockets who has been the dominant part of Chance from the beginning.

Chance was born in the little township of Wayne, just outside Wooster, on June 1, 1941. Until he entered Northwestern High in Wooster he had spent most of his young life helping his father Wagner with the daily routine of their family farm. At that time it was farming first, and then baseball. In high school the two were reversed. At Northwestern High his coach was Roy Bates, and Chance never misses an opportunity to stress Bates's contribution to his development as a baseball pitcher. "He taught me how to win," Chance says, "and he gave me the desire to beat the other guy's brains out in competition." Bates, a little man with a crippled arm and an overwhelming sense of obligation to the boys in his charge, is a tough, dictatorial coach who brooks no bad deportment from his athletes. In fact, he has been known to make a boy practice in a dress if the boy has given a woman teacher a difficult time in class.

"Dean was in the fourth grade when I first ran into him," Bates said recently, reminiscing. "I'd come out of church, and he'd be outside waiting for me. He used to tell me about himself, and even then he told me he would be a star in the majors one day. 'Yes, sir, Mr. Bates,' he used to say, 'I have a snake ball and a super snake ball.' A few years later I saw him pitch a sandlot game. What a sight! He had bottle caps on his hat, and he was wearing street shoes and socks. He pitched a no-hitter, and he was quite the hero. I left to go to the car, and he came running up, saying, 'What'd ya think of that?' I told him, and he didn't like it. I told him he'd have to learn how to dress before he could pitch for me. When he came to me in high school, he showed up the first day of practice with those street shoes on again. He always claimed that spikes hurt his feet. I told



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him to take 25 laps after the workout, and then take the balls and bats in.

"Actually, he was never much trouble," Bates said. "Though there was one thing about him. If you said please, you'd never get anywhere with him; he'd run you right out of school if you gave him a chance. Once in a basketball game, after being held scoreless in the first half, he complained that his pants were too tight. I told him to go get dressed and let me know the next day if his pants were still too tight. He didn't, and he scored 20 points in the second half."

"The best things done to Chance as a player were the things that were not done. We never tampered with the way he threw—you know, the way he turns his back to the plate before he pitches? We never allowed him to fool with a curve or a slider. We just made him throw fast balls, and we told him to work on keeping the ball low. He always had great control. In his first year we only allowed him to relieve. In his second we started him in spots. As soon as he began to get hot, we pulled him. He was never humiliated in a game. And from his third year on he was unbeatable. Oh, he'd loaf now and then. He'd get ahead, and he'd take it easy. Once he did that, and I walked out to him in big, high steps. He said, 'What are you walking like that for?' I said, 'I just don't want to step on your guts.' Naturally, he was furious, but he bore down again."

I can do anything

"Dean always had a lot of confidence in himself. As far as he was concerned, nothing was impossible. One time a kid needed him about not being able to play anything but basketball and baseball. That was a mistake. Chance practiced for a week and then won the school table-tennis championship. Another time he bet a boy a milk shake that he could strike out nine men in a row, and he did. Another time, before we started in the first round of the state baseball tournament, he said flatly that we'd win it. 'How can we mave,' he said, 'if we don't give up any runs?' We weren't really that good, but Chance kept his promise. He gave up only two runs, and we won it. He was always like that. There never was anything modest about him. When the scouts came around, he said—after winning 51 games and losing one and pitching 18 no-hitters—"I'd have a better record if I'd have been with a better club."

When he graduated he could have taken his choice of 30 basketball scholarships, and there were over a dozen major league scouts waiting for him."

Chance says, "I was the greatest high school pitcher in the history of Ohio."

The Baltimore Orioles agreed, and they signed Dean for a \$30,000 bonus. "The thing that impressed me about the boy," said Farm Director Harry Dalton, "was his attitude. There was never any doubt in his mind that he would be a top pitcher in the big leagues. You could see that the first time you met him." Chance was sent to Bluefield, W.Va. in the Appalachian League, and only occasionally did the manager have to caution him about late hours. "We knew," said Dalton, "he wasn't an average-type kid. He was a strong individual. We knew he liked to gamble and have a good time, but he didn't take too much handling." For Chance (he does not drink or smoke) a good time was simply meeting people, and if it required staying up past the curfew he would do it. He loved to be around people.

At Bluefield, Chance became annoyed easily. After not being picked to start either the first or second game of the season, he went to see Dalton, who was traveling with the team. "Mr. Dalton," he said, "if I'm not going to pitch for this here club, I'd like to go with some other organization."

The Orioles had to part with Chance later, in 1961, when the American League expanded to 10 teams and the eight existing clubs were required to put players into an expansion draft pool, but they did so reluctantly. Either Arne Thorland, whom the Orioles considered a "great prospect," or Chance had to go on the list, and Chance was finally chosen. There are a number of opinions concerning the Orioles' decision. Some believe that the Orioles had been disappointed in Chance's "breaking stuff." Others claim that Paul Richards, who had been a dominant figure in the Baltimore organization, had been disturbed by Chance's attitude—his swagger and his boasting. At any rate, Chance was drafted by the brand-new Los Angeles Angels. Thorland came up with a sore arm in the spring of 1961, and he has not pitched for the Orioles since.

Chance spent the 1961 season in the minors at Dallas-Fort Worth and then joined the Angels in 1962. If the Angels were to be ranked later on by his *Breath*

continued

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DEAN CHANCE *continued*

Maverick behavior, they were initially pegged by Highpockets. From the start, Chance was the prototype of every brash rookie who ever appeared in sports fiction. He was 14 and 10 in his first season. Manager Bill Rigney was impressed, but the players looked beyond his performance. "He should get a trophy for mouth-flapping," said one. Leon Wagner said, "You can't tell him anything. You say, 'Now, don't pitch high to this guy,' and he asks you why. He says, 'He can't hit my fast ball.' I say, 'Man, this is the big league, and they hit everything.' So he throws high, and wham! So then he says, 'Oh, that was an accident, because nobody can really hit my fast ball. That boy is some stubborn.'"

In 1963 Chance had a 13-18 record, and he always seemed to be right smack in the middle of a controversy. When Chance is not winning ball games he is not exactly the stoic type; he does not see games being lost, he sees dollar bills falling out of his pocket. All during the season he irritated his teammates with cutting remarks. In one game he struck out 12 batters and later told the press: "I had to strike 'em out. I didn't dare let 'em hit the ball to anyone." In Washington he wailed because he was credited with a live-hitter instead of a four-hitter. "Don Lock should never have got a triple on that ball," he said. "Albie should have had it easy." Later in the season, a bad one all round for the Los Angeles club, he growled: "I'm getting the shaft. There's not a clutch hitter on this whole lousy team. I can't make a living this way." His teammates retaliated bluntly but effectively by filling his locker with garbage. Above it they put a sign that read: "I'm not naturally stupid. I'm just practicing."

A man who had never been so humiliated previously, Chance brooded and plotted during the winter. He was continually rumored to be involved in one trade or another, but the rumors were always started by Chance, and it was always Chance being traded for a star. General Manager Fred Haney was not impressed by the rumors. Chance then shifted the campaign to the subject of money. In his rookie year he had made the minimum major league salary of \$7,000, and he was raised to \$15,000 for 1963. After Chance lost 18 games, Haney offered him the same salary for 1964. Chance balked, reeled off his other pitching statistics. Despite the loves,

they were impressive. "I think they are fantastic," Chance said. Haney did not agree, but eventually he relented and offered a \$3,000 raise.

Chance signed. "That's all right," he said. "If I pitch well and show a good attitude, Fred says he'll give me an extra \$7,000." Chance had a poor start in 1964, and Rigney sent him to the bullpen for a while. After superb relief work he was again made a starter, and he pitched well—though without luck. The promised extra money was not forthcoming. "Haney's gone back on his word," Chance complained. "I want my \$7,000, or I want to be traded." He showed up one day washing car windows at a service station. "My family has to eat," he said. Haney laughed—for a while, anyway. Skillfully using the press, Chance kept attacking Haney. "There's no room for me and Fred on this here club," he said finally. "I hate that man and I'll never speak to him again, not about salary or anything else." At this point, Chance was invited to talk things over with the Angels' top officials, Gene Autry and Bob Reynolds. Dean was given his extra money and responded with brilliant pitching the rest of the season. Now, after receiving a \$42,000 contract for 1965, Chance says he is extremely fond of Haney. "There's nothing in the world," he says, "that I wouldn't do for that man. He's a fair and generous man."

Money and me

Chance was really not being inconsistent. Haney's generosity with the 1965 contract pleased him immensely, if there is one thing that fascinates him more than himself, it is money. The mere mention of money brings a glitter to his eyes and a pounding beat to his voice. Riding around Wooster with one of his many advisers, a lawyer named Henry Critchfield, the conversation, which Dean dominated, held fast to money.

"Look at that house, Hank," shouted Chance. "How much you think that cost?"

"Oh, about \$60,000," said Hank. "Hey, look at that bank," said Dean. "My, what a pretty bank."

"Yeah," said Hank, unimpressed.

"Hey, about that farm, Hank?" asked Chance. "How much you think he'll take for it? Four hundred acres. He'll probably want \$150,000. You think he'll take \$100,000, Hank?"

"Maybe," Hank said.

"Hey, look at that nice bank," yelled Chance, passing another monument to bland architecture.

"Just have another good year," Hank smiled. Chance had better, because there are plenty of people hoping he will be unable to back up his brag and bluster.

"If he doesn't keep making it big," says one friend, "I'm afraid he'll end up being just a better, big-mouth farmer."

Chance does not think so. "If I never have another good year, and if I'm out of the majors in two years, I'll feel bad, but it wouldn't be the end of the world. I'd just plunge into farming, and I wouldn't even look back. I might think of the money I missed, now and then. But I'm just a farmer, I belong on the farm because that's what I know best. I never want to live anywhere but on a farm here in Wooster. I like the people here, and you can depend on them. Some of the people here don't like me for the way I acted, but I'm a changed man after last season. No more cards. No more late hours. No more pool."

"No more criticism of other players, either?" he was asked.

"Look, sure I knocked 'em, but really they deserved it," he said. "And you'll never hear me knock a guy behind his back like the others do. Anyway, I only knock the guys that don't put out. Take last year. I can't say enough good things about Bobby Knoop and Jim Fregosi and Joe Adcock. They were a big help in my winning 20 games. In fact, the players named Knoop the most valuable player. I didn't even vote for myself."

"Did that bother you?"

"No," he said, "I'm not popular. I'm a bad loser."

"No, you're not," a friend protested.

"You're just honest."

"Well, anyway," Chance said, "I'm gonna keep my big mouth shut this year. I really am a changed man."

"Where do you think the Angels will finish?" he was asked.

Chance paused a moment, and then he said, "Well, not too good. Without me out there, they'd be even worse. The only way they could move up is if they trade me."

"What could they get for you?"

"Five front-line players," he said.

Everybody laughed, but not Dean.

"Trouble is," he moaned, "nobody appreciates me for what I really am."

Ring Lardner would have.

END

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A Nicaragua

rapids some 100 meandering miles upstream from the sea would seem to be an unlikely spot to catch tarpon. But each year—from March to June—great schools of the huge, silvery fish roll in the rocky shallows of the murky San Juan River far from its mouth in the Caribbean. Why they seek out these tepid rapids remains a mystery—tarpon spawn in brackish coastal waters—and their behavior is equally enigmatic. These seemingly strayed tarpon strike readily at artificial lures, and in a day's fishing an angler can hook and fight as many as 50 on slow-sinking plugs cast into the fast water (right and following pages). In some ways it is a strange place to fish. Orchids ornament the jungle trees and the forest is noisy with the cries of Congo monkeys and the chattering of parrots. But even in this exotic setting, nothing is quite so memorable to the angler as the sight of a 100-pound tarpon arcing up out of the water in a twisting, spray-showering leap—a flash of silver against a backdrop of lush vegetation.

PAINTINGS BY TOM ALLEN





Anchored above a rapids, an Indian boy in a dugout plays a



wildly leaping tarpon on a handline while his friend waits to gaff it with a harpoon.



The fishermen who visit the San Juan River are few—a handful of Nicaraguan sportsmen and the local Indians. When Artist Tom Allen and four fishing friends arrived at El Toro Rapids last May, they quickly discovered how uneducated the tarpon were. It was obvious they had never seen a plug before. At the end of five days of fishing the visitors had fought hundreds of tarpon from 20 to 100 pounds. Most of the fish were on just long enough to make a few spectacular jumps. "Those that hooked themselves," explains Allen, "simply turned on the power and hored downriver into the shallow rapids, leaving us with two choices: we could break them off and lose plugs and line, or we could crash down through the rapids and continue the battle below in calm water. We lost a lot of plugs and line." The few fish that they managed to keep out of the rapids—and away from the slashing jaws of the seven-foot freshwater sharks in the river—were given to the Indians, who grind the fish up into tarpon sausage.

The San Juan is surprisingly accessible to anglers, and at bargain rates. Five days of fishing, plus round-trip air fare, guides and lodging cost Allen and his friends less than \$500 each. They took a Lanica Airlines DC-6 from Miami to Managua north of Lake Nicaragua, where they met their outfitter, Alfredo Bequillard Jr. They then flew in three chartered Cessnas over the lake to San Carlos, where they transferred to outboard-powered dug-outs for the 20-mile trip downriver.

The menu at camp—a gaily painted Indian farmhouse—was skimpy, but the food was hearty and well-cooked. The main dish was *guatusa*, wild pig shot by their farmer host and cooked with beans and rice on a portable kerosene stove. One night the expedition ate three unborn shark pups cut out of the belly of a female shark caught with parachute cord, a hook baited with tarpon and a five-gallon gas can that served as a buoy. The tender white strip down the backbone tasted like grouper.

"We swam in the shallow, spring-fed tributary streams, spent four hours taking a siesta in the middle of each day and enjoyed the jungle noises," says Allen. "It was better than the sound track of an old *Tarzan* movie."

After a morning's fishing (top left), Allen and his friends stop at a plantation for drinks in a hibiscus-shaded patio.

RACING BENEATH THE PEAKS

Having torn up mutual tickets at tracks in two hemispheres, an ever-optimistic handicapper rounds out his experiences among the mountains that surround Phoenix and Santa Anita

by M. R. WERNER

Racing has been my recreation and avocation for much of my adult life. I have indulged in it in the hot-dog atmosphere of New York City's environs, under the elms of rustic Saratoga, at rural Goshen, in the bluegrass and bourbon country of Kentucky, among the flamingos and mink of Florida's Hialeah, in the crab-cake and black-eyed Susan surroundings of Maryland, with cockles and mussels at England's damp Epsom Downs, alongside the toppers and bowlers of Ascot, with the aid of Jameson and Guinness at Ireland's Curragh, on the edge of the forest and châte-

teau of Chantilly, in the Bois de Boulogne amidst Paris elegance and on the outskirts of drab Moscow. But until recently I had never been racing surrounded by mountains. To remedy that shortcoming I spent a few days in Phoenix, Ariz. for its three kinds of racing, and at Santa Anita to watch some of California's—and the world's—best Thoroughbred action.

Phoenix, where I arrived on a Monday night, when the craggy brown mountains all around its periphery were turning to a deep purple, has tracks for Thoroughbreds, Standardbreds and dogs. The next

morning the president of Phoenix Trotting Park, James J. Dunnigan, showed me the town and his brand-new harness track, about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the heart of Phoenix' neon-lighted, used-car and supermarket area. Mr. Dunnigan, who is about the size of a jockey, is an ex-Bronx horseplayer who has become a cactus enthusiast. Since 1942 he has operated the harness raceway near Buffalo, and the company that operates Phoenix Trotting Park is incorporated with the Buffalo enterprise, so that the old and established can support the new and struggling. Looking for a



place to spend his winters, Mr. Dunnigan settled on Phoenix about 15 years ago. He talks in clipped, direct New Yorkese and refuses to give anybody, including himself, a bum steer.

We drove first to a large tract of land in the western part of Phoenix, where the Goodyear tire people own 14,000 acres. There was a ground-breaking that morning for an 18-hole addition to the existing 18-hole golf course Goodyear owns, and a luncheon afterward at The Wigwam to announce Goodyear plans for housing and factories in the vicinity. Clowning by the actor Phil Harris, assisted by smiling Tony Lama and grave, quiet Robert Trent Jones, golf course architect, who is designing the new course, helped launch Goodyear's enterprise as Scotch and martini glasses tinkled and a medium-sized Goodyear blimp hovered protectively above.

After the Goodyear luncheon, Mr. Dunnigan drove me to his harness plant near The Wigwam for an inspection tour preliminary to attending the races that night. We passed large herds of grazing sheep and green, irrigated fields planned to cotton. The new 640-acre track is located on a vast plain entirely surrounded by distant and varied brown mountains.

Phoenix Trotting Park had its inception a couple of years ago when Karl and Norbert Abel, large landowners in Arizona, decided to put some of their spare property to racetrack use, though neither of them had previously been attracted to racing. Governor Paul Fannin, now a U.S. Senator from Arizona, interested in further development of the capital city, threw his support behind the project for a Phoenix harness track. Since they had in Jimmy Dunnigan an experienced operator of harness racing, they solicited his aid. He, in turn, interested Norman Woolworth, harness racing owner and enthusiast, and some other out-of-state capitalists in the enterprise. Ivone Grassietto, of Padua, Italy, who is both a horseman and architect of tracks and other structures in various parts of the world, was employed to design a modern five-eighths-of-a-mile track.

Before racing began last January 11, with a ribbon-cutting presided over by George Morton Levy, chairman of the board of Roosevelt Raceway, and the famous Grand Circuit harness drivers, Stanley Dancer, Billy Haughton and Joe O'Brien, Phoenix Park had cost \$9,500,000. It is built along modern, functional lines, but without any gaudy-colored plastic bas-reliefs. For decoration there are a couple of expensive, Stonehenge-like slabs near the entrance. Visibility from the stands is good in the bright, clear southwestern air, and the seats for 5,400 bettors are comfortable, with plenty of cafeterias and a pleasant Sunset Casino for more luxurious dining. Catering is supplied by Harry M. Stevens, Inc., which handles all New York tracks. Nature provides the superb mountains. When enough green dollars come through the mutual machines there will be additional landscaping so that the desert may become rosier.

The whole layout would have delighted the heart of a Phoenix pioneer, "Lord" Darrel Duppa, an English adventurer, scholar and inebriate, who is credited

with giving Phoenix its name. Looking over the prehistoric mounds and irrigation canals surrounded by desert land in the 1860s, Lord Duppa suggested that the recently established village be called Phoenix after the mythical bird of great beauty—the only one of its kind, alleged to have lived in Arabia for about 500 years—which burned itself on a funeral pyre only to rise from its ashes in the fullness of youth to live another cycle of 500 years. He predicted that the city would arise, phoenixlike, "new and more beautiful than these ashes of the past." Lord Duppa might have made a good handicapper. For Phoenix has developed steadily and beautifully. Since the end of World War II, the population of the Greater Phoenix area has grown from 150,000 to 750,000.

Phoenix had Grand Circuit harness racing in the first two decades of this century, but trotting and pacing languished and died in 1949. Then the Abel brothers, Governor Fannin and Jimmy Dunnigan came along. It is an uphill job to educate the natives and tourists, who are accustomed to Thoroughbreds during the day at Turf Paradise and dogs at night at Greyhound Park—both much closer to the center of the city—to the fascinations of watching horses attached to sulkies and to betting quinellas and doubles on them.

I arrived Tuesday night in time for the third of the eight-race card, having been detained by southwestern hospitality at a cocktail party given by Phoenix sportswriters. After a quick study of conformation I bet \$5 win \$5 place on Shafter Meadow, a 4-year-old gelding pacer, which finished second, so I only lost \$1. Thereafter my luck varied, as usual throughout my racing career. Three other rewarding bets gave me a net profit on my first night of Phoenix racing of \$47.50. The card that night consisted of two trots and six paces, and the purses were mostly \$700, with features of \$800 and \$900. The attendance was disappointing to Mr. Dunnigan. A violent wind and rainstorm during the afternoon and a sharp drop in temperature to the 40s, rare in Phoenix, discouraged night excursionists. Only 1,605 showed up, and they bet only \$29,476. On opening night, January 11, 1965, 12,223 had come out. On the way home in his car Mr. Dunnigan hopefully remarked that when

continued



Roosevelt Raceway first opened in New York in 1940 attendance and handle were proportionately dismal, and that he and his associates are prepared for a period of deficit years before natives and visitors begin to appreciate the delights of harness racing under the desert stars.

Mr. Dunnigan at first had resisted the quinella (a bet that two horses will finish first or second in a race) and the twin double at his track, but he was assured that if he ever hoped to draw crowds from the dogs, where there is a quinella on every one of the 11 nightly races, as well as a "Big Q," a twin quinella, on the 10th and 11th races, he would have to bow to what the gambling public wanes. Phoenix Trotting Park now has a daily double on the first and second races, quinellas on the second, third, fourth, six, seventh and eighth races, and a twin double involving the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. Phoenix, Dunnigan pointed out, can only expand to the west, where his track is located, and he is counting heavily on the Goodyear land development to turn his deficits into surpluses.

Next day, Wednesday, there was racing at Phoenix's Thoroughbred track.

Francis B. Campbell Jr., secretary and treasurer of Turf Paradise, whom I had met at the sportswriters' cocktail party, kindly offered to drive me to the track in time for the daily double. The day was clear and the sky a brilliant blue, with enough zip in the air to satisfy an Easterner. Effete Westerners, used to 70s and 80s, were shivering a bit.

Turf Paradise, which is in its 10th year, is one of the prettiest small tracks I have ever visited. The rim of mountains is nearer and clearer than at any other Phoenix park; the flower beds are attractive, and since Wednesday was "Ladies' Day," with female admission free, there was a plenitude of female pookitude accompanied by sports in sombreros. The track was heavy because of Tuesday's storm, and I got the idea quickly that horses that came off the pace were winners. The horses were not stakes animals, most of them being claimers, with prices ranging from \$1,500 to \$4,250. The purses for the 10 races were usually \$1,000, with a \$2,000 purse for the feature. I won the first race, which was a six-furlong sprint—as were eight of the 10 races—when Little Heel, an 8-year-old gelding, a \$7.80-to-\$1 shot, came

into the lead in the stretch, and I had a \$64.50 profit on my \$5 win \$5 place bet, with one of my four daily-double tickets alive. But Copper Boot, the favorite in the second, with which I had coupled Little Heel, failed to threaten and finished third. The fourth race was the first one on which there was quinella betting, and I hit the quinella, paying a mere \$15.40 for \$2, when Mio Pass, a 7-year-old mare, beat my other horse, Shippin In, a 7-year-old gelding, by a head. Turf Paradise has had to emulate the dogs by instituting a "Big Q," which is a double quinella, based at Paradise on the ninth and 10th races. My Big Q was dead after the ninth race. However, I won a \$10 bet in the 10th and last race on Firebolt, a 6-year-old gelding, who came off the pace to win by a head. My profit on the day was \$61.90, and my hospitable hosts were congratulatory and impressed, for they were losing.

That same night I went to Greyhound Park, Phoenix' dog track, which is within walking distance of many offices and factories. Sitting at a good table on the dining terrace, with a fine view of the entries and finish line, I tried to handicap those diminutive animals, which are hard enough to see except with binoculars, let alone handicap. The crowd of 5,300, large for Wednesday, appeared to be tame, active and interested. I bet \$180.951. The dog fans were less well groomed than the harness and Thoroughbred crowd and had to be active, for the dogs for the next race were brought out almost as soon as the results of the previous race were official. There was a race every 17 minutes and a quinella on every one of the 11 events, as well as the "Big Q" involving the 10th and 11th races. You had to be almost as fast on your feet as an untampered-with dog to make your selections and get to the windows on time. By the time the 11th race came on I was bored and tired and had blown \$56 of my profits on harness and Thoroughbred horses.

I have seen dog races only twice before, once at London's White City and once at Tampa. Both of those tracks had more style than Greyhound Park in Phoenix, but the quick and unsatisfactory action was just as disturbing. In my opinion, dogs should be confined to hearths and gentlemen's estates or ladies' laps and not be put to chasing a crazy mechanical rabbit to satisfy the gambling mania of people who belong in the cellar

continued



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of a garage shooting craps. Three-furlong races for baby Thoroughbreds are bad enough betting and watching, but greyhound races at five-sixteenths of a mile are even more frustrating. The yapping of the hounds is in harmony with the yapping of the greedy bettors. I truly believe that if cockroaches could be trained to stay on course some people would bet heavily on them. How else explain that Greyhound Park has been getting about four times the attendance and handle of Phoenix Trotting Park, and usually betters the attendance and handle at Turf Paradise?

Thursday night I went back to the Trotting Park with relief. The atmosphere was less frantic, more decorous and the animals worth watching. Once more the spectators were few—1,755, as opposed to the 4,620 at the dogs the same night—and they bet only \$27,829 on six races and two trots, as opposed to the \$156,494 bet by dog-betting fanciers. In addition to higher handles and larger attendance than the trotters, especially on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, Greyhound Park has minuscule expenses, since dogs do not require stable areas or starting gates more elaborate than boxes with slits.

During my last night of Phoenix mountain racing I hit the daily double, paying a mere \$19.60 for \$2, and a quinnella paying \$45.60 for \$2, but I had managed, by the time the last race was over, to turn my night's profit into a loss of \$7.40. After all my betting at harness, Thoroughbred and dogs, I left Phoenix on Friday with a net profit of \$46.

I had hoped to make the races at Los Angeles' Santa Anita, a flight of an hour from Phoenix, that Friday afternoon, but a hydraulic leak in the plane that was to take me there—and to a fortune, of course—forced me to spend that afternoon at Phoenix airport reflecting in my whiskey that planes are sometimes no more reliable than dogs.

Saturday, however, I did make magnificent Santa Anita in plenty of time for the San Antonio Handicap, \$50,000 added. At Santa Anita a big mountain range faces the crowd; and as the air grew less dusty toward post time for the feature, the range grew sharp and tran-

quil, and the infield turf course was a bright emerald in the dying day.

The races here were first-rate, and it was good to see classy animals again, despite the fact that my handicapping was better with cheaper at Phoenix. I left \$44 of my profit in California, giving me all of \$2 to take back to New York for plunging at Yonkers and Aqueduct. Gun Bow, potential Horse of 1965, ran beautifully from wire to wire to win the San Antonio by three quarters of a length, with Manuel Ycaza up.

Sunday morning I started from Beverly Hills for the Los Angeles airport. My taxi driver turned out to be from New York's Lower East Side (although he assured me that after several years in Los Angeles he wouldn't take New York if they gave it to him), and he had also lived in Monticello, N.Y., where there is



HE STAYED IN HIS CAB INSTEAD OF BETTING GAY BEAU

a harness track. He told me exuberantly about a pacer he and a friend picked up at Monticello for \$200, who was fixing to make them a fortune when he bowed a tendon. My driver's accent made me feel as though I were home on the Hudson again. I asked him if he liked Santa Anita. "Santa Anita, Santa Anita, don't mention Santa Anita to me," he screamed. "That Gay Beau, that Gay Beau, I had a feller in my cab yesterday, he was on his way to bet Gay Beau with his bookie, and what do I do, I stay in my cab trying to make a lousy living." Gay Beau won the third when I was there and paid \$56 for \$2. I, too, had been kicking myself for not making a good living.

Arizona and California racing in their respective ways are as pleasing—except the dogs—as much racing I have seen. Now that I have been racing among the mountains, I am hankering for a visit to California's Del Mar, where, I understand, "the turf meets the surf." **END**

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His famous bald head concealed beneath a fur hat instead of a helmet, **V. A. Tittle** (below) took to the slopes near Tahoe City, Calif. for his first scrimmage on skis. Accompanied by sons Mike and Pat, the former Giant quarterback completed the outing with passing grades, despite some unexpected first downs.

The most popular piece of furniture in **Fred Astaire's** Bel Air, Calif. home is a pool table. "I've been accused of building my house around it," says the dancing master, "and perhaps that's true." Astaire, who attended the U.S. billiard championships in nearby Burbank last week, has played with such top hits as **Willie Mosconi**. "Of course, I'm more or less a caddy to them," the actor admits, right on cue.

On a visit to Australia, **Prince Philip** expressed the hope that the newly founded Australian Conservation Foundation would be able to stem the slaughter of kangaroos, koalas and platypuses. "They're unique to Australia and only Australians can save them," chided the Prince. Soberly reporting the

story, the *Sydney Daily Mirror* also ran a picture of Philip with a bag of foxes and steered his hunting record for the last three years, including a 1963 pheasant shoot during which the Duke and his party gunned down 428 pheasants in four hours.

"Ernest taught me all I know about fishing," said **Mary Haggaway**, just before departing for New Zealand and some marlin fishing. "I don't consider what I'll be doing as roughing it," she added. "If I wanted to rough it, I'd spend the winter in New York."

"Detroit goal by No. 9, Howe. Assist to No. 8, Howe," boomed the voice of the announcer. It was enough to make Red Wing fans blink, opponents shudder and **Gordie Howe** and his wife beam. The announcer was referring to Mark and Marty Howe, ages 9 and 11, who play for the Detroit Redwings. This latest bit of Howe-to-do-it came in the sixth International PeeWee Hockey Tournament against a team from Sherbrooke, Quebec. And, as usual, the Howes had it. The Redwings won 5-4.

Her slacks were shapeless, the ski jacket hung like a sack and the gloves would have been bulky on a gorilla, but underneath all that was shapely **Ann-Margret** cut for a spin on her motorcycle through Culver City. A very fast spin. And right by a cop to boot. A smile usually takes care of those things, but not this time. The stonehearted officer gave her a ticket and that was that. "My machine is geared for 80," she wailed. "What's the fun of having the thing if you can't cut it loose now and then?"

While resting at the Laguna Beach Country Club Village in California with the rest of the Russian national team between track meets, **Igor Ter-Ovanesyan** took a few golfing pointers from local pro Dave Adams. "I will be the champion golfer of the Soviet Union," the blond jump-

er announced proudly after one lesson. "I will also be the only golfer in the Soviet Union."

Never one to pass up a rugged challenge, **Cliff Robertson** decided to try a little bulldozing while vacationing at a dude ranch in Walsenburg, Colo. And why not? The hero of *PT 109* had handled such things as a booming surf and a spirited horse with consummate skill. So Robertson bore down on the steer, flung himself from his horse and prepared to flip the critter. Unaware of the actor's imposing credentials, the steer flipped Robertson instead, injuring his right leg.

Fallen Skier of the Week: John F. Kennedy Jr., who stoically snowplowed about the bitter-cold slopes of Whiteface Mountain in New York without complaint until he collapsed into a mound of snow. He emerged saying: "I wanna go back to Hyannis Port."

No chip off the old block, **Gary Farr**, son of the former British world heavyweight challenger **Tommy Farr**, has been at vari-

ous times a lumberjack, a deep-sea fisherman, a lifeguard and a wandering minstrel. Now he is a pop singer. In fact, the younger Farr has been just about everything in his 21 years except a fighter. And that's fine with Tommy. "No one is that hungry," said the old slugger. "Especially a boy of mine."

"It isn't exactly a vacation," said **Sophia Loren** (below), on location in Gruyère, Switzerland (where the cheese comes from) for the making of the film *Loafy L*, "but it's better than being stuck in the studio." And with that, Sophia and co-star **Paul Newman** hauled off and heaved a multitude of snowballs at some stagehands, thereby providing a little harm with the cheese.

Looking like the very model of a modern general manager, **Ralph Hoek** showed up at Fort Lauderdale, Fla. last week with a 13-foot Boston Whaler attached to the back of his car. Having already signed all of his Yankee players to contracts, Hoek is obviously anticipating a strenuous spring sailing—er, training—season.



A few words to women
who don't want to talk
about Life Insurance.



Okay then — let's talk about college for the kids. Let's talk about the business investment your husband wants to make someday. Let's talk about the islands you want to visit when your husband retires. Let's talk about saving money and earning dividends. Let's talk about the good feeling you get when your husband has protected you well. That's what we talk about when we talk to husbands and wives about Life Insurance. Not so frightening — is it? **STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA**





Tennis has become such a popular winter sport that indoor facilities, such as the one above, are sprouting by the score. Yet the demand for space is so great that many courts are reserved before they are built.

As long as there's a place to go, let it snow

At 25° below zero it was cold enough to raise goose bumps on the ball, but for four housewives in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., the regular Wednesday morning tennis game went off without a hitch. In Chicago, meanwhile, a day-long blizzard failed to scrub the scheduled doubles match among four North Shore dentists, and on Long Island two executive commuters fought their way through a rainstorm to a large, warehouselike building in order to get in a few quick sets before breakfast and the train ride to Manhattan.

The weather outside is frightful, but no longer do such conditions send northern tennis addicts fleeing to Fort Lauderdale. Everywhere you look, people are playing tennis indoors—in New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City, at noon, midnight or 7 in the morning. In the past four years the number of sheltered courts in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut alone has increased by more than 70, and Chicago, which had 11 indoor

courts in 1960, now has 45. Not since the days of conspicuous wealth, when any estate worthy of the name had an indoor court roofed over in glass and lush with clinging ivy on the walls, has the game had it so well for so many months out of the year. And the boom is just beginning.

Unless a man's name happens to be Whitney, Vanderbilt or Phipps, his impressions of indoor tennis have probably been shaped by stabbing at the game in dark and dreadful high school gymnasiums or National Guard armories where the lighting is a few watts this side of the gloaming and hitting the ball as it careens off the waxy hardwood floors is truly a shot in the dark. Says Joseph Seruhl, who operates two of the modern indoor facilities on Long Island: "There have always been places where you could play tennis in the winter, but for the first time the public is finding places designed for the game."

The public now pays from \$4 to \$10

an hour for the use of a court, and for its money has a choice of two different types of buildings. Fainthearted entrepreneurs, not totally convinced indoor tennis is here to stay, favor erecting huge, vinyl-coated nylon bubbles over regulation clay or composition courts. The bubbles, which can be taken down and stored in the summer, cost about \$15,000 and, sustained by low-pressure air, can be heated and lighted. An added advantage is that sunlight seeps through the skin and creates an illusion, at least, of the wide open spaces. Builders taking the long view, however, are working with concrete and steel and aluminum. In Manhattan, the roof of a freight terminal is being converted for a 15-court installation, but most of the buildings, found usually on the fringes of suburban towns, resemble airplane hangars, with side walls about 16 feet high and with the roof rising to a peak about 40 feet high. The cost runs from \$150,000 up.

Depending on which salesman was the

more convincing, lighting for indoor tennis is either fluorescent or mercury vapor, and the buildings are heated by either infrared reflectors or warmed air. In all cases, the temperature is maintained in the upper 50s, and the lighting is bright enough to encourage the few inevitable wearers of sunglasses. Extraneous touches include sauna baths and exercise rooms, but Baltimore's Eddie Jacobs stresses the acceptance of his Town Tennis Club. "This isn't a country club," he says. "It is strictly for people who want to play tennis." And people who want to play tennis do not ask for much. Tennis Indoors, a two-court facility in Roslyn, N.Y., electronically unlocks itself and turns on its lights and its heaters every morning at 6:45 while the owner sleeps on at home.

The composition of the courts you find indoors is what you find outdoors—with the exception of live grass. The nearest thing to that is a vinyl grass that was first developed for doormats and can be put down in squares like a kitchen floor. Otherwise the court surface is whatever the traffic will bear. The traffic along the north shore of Long Island, the site of many of the old estate courts, is particularly choosy and will settle for nothing but red clay or green composition clay. Both surfaces require daily sprinkling and raking and are the bane of the proprietor but, as one says, "If I put in anything else around here I'd lose all my business. Asphalt and cork are just as good, I think—and a lot easier to take care of—but it's not the custom in these parts." Between the red clay and the green composition, nobody can prove which is superior. But red clay has one asset that cannot be discounted: it will stain a pair of glaringly white new sneakers a becoming dusty rose. "I sometimes see people rubbing their shoes in the stuff to get them smudged," says one observant manager. "That way everybody knows they're longtime tennis buffs."

In tennis, unlike most businesses, potential profit is not always the determining factor in the construction of indoor courts. Around New York, for example, the boom seems to be self-generating, and today's builder was yesterday's player. The first indoor court on Long Island that was open to the public was built in Great Neck by a teaching professional named Joe Fishbach. Nowadays all his competitors can trace their original en-

thusiasm back to him—and he traces his back to an even earlier court in Westchester County. As an example, one of Fishbach's first customers was Joe Struhl, a zealous summertime player. "I began thinking that if I put up my own place I could have all the time I wanted for me and the family," says Struhl. "And I could also have the lighting the way I wanted it and the heating and so on. It would be custom-made to my tastes, and I could let my customers pay for it." By the time the earthmover showed up, Struhl's place, four miles east of Great Neck, was 50% booked, and now, in its third season, it is 90% booked. Last October he and a friend, Leon Soloway, opened a four-court building just across the East River from Manhattan, and it is already operating at well over the break-even point.

This desire to build for oneself has been the inspiration elsewhere as well. Never "really considering whether it was a sound investment," several tennis-happy businessmen in Sioux Falls built the town a court five years ago. The court, however, is concrete, "so it could be used to bale hay if people stopped playing tennis." Philadelphia's Harvey Goodstein, an insurance executive, went into the indoor business in self-defense. "Like so many tennis fanatics," he says, "I used to get melancholia in the winter, to the point that I would round up a couple of friends to fly down to, say, Puerto Rico for a few days of tennis. Figuring that out later, I found we were spending a few hundred dollars an hour." Now, in his \$300,000 building, Goodstein gets his tennis free.

Of course, if the boom continues, indoor tennis may outdo itself, although in some towns that almost seems impossible. In Roslyn there are three buildings—with a total of nine courts—and, with the exception of Saturday nights, they are nearly always occupied. One of the Roslyn courts has a weekly reservation for a United Nations foursome—they drive 60 miles round trip to play—and courts in Bloomfield, near Hartford, Conn., attract players from Vermont and New Hampshire. "But even if we do run out of players, I'm not worried," says Bernard Cohen, manager of the Tower Tennis Club in Roslyn. "We'll just encourage our regulars to play twice as much. From what I've seen, they won't need much encouragement." **END**



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The little old ladies of Pasadena missed a good bet

So did a lot of other Californians when they allowed George Pope's Hill Rise to go off at 12-to-1 odds in the Santa Anita Handicap

San Francisco Horse Owner George Pope is opinionated about horses—particularly if it happens to belong to him. When his Decidedly won the 1962 Kentucky Derby. Decidedly, quite naturally, became to Pope the greatest horse that ever lived. Similarly, when his Hill Rise ran the last quarter of the 1964 Kentucky Derby in a shade under 24 seconds (which may be the fastest last quarter ever turned in at Churchill Downs) he moved way up in Pope's private ratings. "The only trouble with that race of Hill Rise's," Pope says, "is that we had a little bad racing luck and got beat a neck by Northern Dancer."

George Pope is not alone in his belief that Hill Rise was the best horse in last year's Derby. That is why he could hardly believe his eyes when he looked at the blanking tote board last Saturday at Santa Anita and saw that Hill Rise was about to go off in the \$100,000-added Santa Anita Handicap at odds of 12 to 1. A few days earlier Hill Rise had closed in the Caliente Future Book at 6 to 1. "I figured he should be about 3 or 4 to 1," said Pope. "Now, I don't bet on my horses, but when I saw this over-lay I couldn't resist putting \$50 on him to win."

Hill Rise did not disappoint his owner in the Big Cap, which is how race-happy Angelenos refer to the mile-and-a-quarter classic that was the first \$100,000 stake in the U.S. when it was inaugurated exactly 30 years ago. Carrying 120 pounds—11 less than the even-money favorite Gun Bow and seven pounds less than Candy Spots—Hill Rise received a flawless ride from Jockey Don Pierce to beat Spots a length and a half. George Royal, a Canadian visitor, roared up from last place to take third money, just

a head behind Candy Spots and six lengths in front of a weary Gun Bow in the field of eight. Hill Rise's victory, following dismal races in the Charles H. Strub and the San Antonio, proved once again that high-weighted handicaps can be both unpredictable and exciting.

Gun Bow, of course, was the big horse, and he was attempting to become the first to win the Santa Anita Handicap with more than 130 pounds. Citation tried it in 1950 with 132 pounds, but along came Noor to beat him with 110. If Gun Bow couldn't do it with 131 pounds, however, Candy Spots was a likely candidate with 127. He had finished three-quarters of a length behind Gun Bow in the nine-furlong San Antonio while receiving two pounds, and this time he was getting four. If you consider, as Handicapper Jimmy Kilroe does, that two pounds equal a length at a mile and a quarter, you would have had to expect these two horses to put up a whale of a battle for first money. Hill Rise was reckoned no better than fifth choice, no matter what George Pope thought.

It seemed certain that Gun Bow would either set the pace or be just off it, for that is how he likes to race. He is a runner of remarkable ability, and if he had not lost twice to Kelso last fall he would have been a near-unanimous choice as Horse of the Year. Even so, he had a highly legitimate claim to the title, having won stakes in California in January and in New York in October, while Kelso, as was his habit, saved his best efforts for the very end of the season. Eddie Neely, Gun Bow's articulate and amusing trainer, hasn't forgotten his disappointing near miss, as evidenced by his reply when he was asked a couple of months

ago what his plans were for Gun Bow in 1965. "Dh, shucks," he said, "we're going for Horse of the Year honors so we probably won't do much with him until August or September."

Gun Bow ran his usual good race last Saturday, only this time he ran it for only a mile, which was not enough by precisely a quarter of a mile. The long-shot Doc Jockey tested him most of the way, and then Candy Spots, who had laid up in third place, took over and looked a sure winner as the closely bunched pack turned for home. But Jockey Pierce, who apparently rides Hill Rise better than anybody else—including Willie Shoemaker, Pope's choice to ride the colt in the Kentucky Derby—had other ideas. "In his last two races," Pierce said later, "this horse seemed to resent my trying to keep him up close to the pace. This time we decided to let him run his own race. It meant letting Gun Bow open up a long lead on us and then permitting Hill Rise to ease up to the leaders of his own accord and when he felt like it." Hill Rise scrambled around the pacemakers and overhauled Candy Spots at the three-sixteenths pole. He went on to win with no difficulty. The weight and his first six furlongs in 1:09½ seemingly were too much for Gun Bow.

There will, of course, be other and more fruitful days for Gun Bow and Candy Spots, and with equal weights on their opponents they still are probably the two best older horses in the country. Hill Rise won't run into them again, at least for a while. He is staying in California through the Hollywood Park season, while Gun Bow heads east and Candy Spots goes to Florida for the March 27 Gulfstream Park Handicap.

The meeting of these three in the Santa Anita Handicap was no mere coincidence. From its inception, this race has always been a major drawing card. In 1935, the season the track opened, the upset winner was a horse called Azucar, and the glamorous field he defeated included such great names of that era as Equisette, Twenty Grand, Top Row, Mate and Ladysman. It was this vastly appealing event that established Santa Anita as a prosperous, going concern. The chic, the famous and the sporty quickly adopted it. "In the early days," says Santa Anita Director Hugh Blue, "the people around here didn't know

much about racing and they certainly didn't figure an afternoon at the track as a social occasion. At Pasadena's Huntington Hotel, which they used to call God's Waiting Room because it was awash with little old ladies working their knitting needles, there was never any talk of racing. Suddenly, after the first handicap, we noticed the ladies scrambling to buy racing forms—and we knew we were in. There were 100 members of the Turf Club the first year, and now we have 1,375, with a waiting list of 80, most of whom will wait for two years to get in."

In the 30 years since the first Big 'Cap the fields have included many of the greats of U.S. racing, and last Saturday, with 58,972 in attendance, the success of the event was reflected by the fact that the \$4,966,052 wagered represented a new high at the track. Yet that may be beaten this Saturday, when a crowd of approximately the same size will show up to see if Bill Perry's Jacinto can head back to New York and then to Churchill

Downs with a victory in the Santa Anita Derby in his saddlebag. Jacinto won his last warmup for this race with a magnificent performance in the mile-and-a-sixteenth San Felipe Handicap. Hill Rise won the San Felipe a year ago and followed it with a Santa Anita Derby victory. While his San Felipe was faster than Jacinto's, the latter produced one of the finest exhibitions of courage and ability in his first effort around two turns. He defeated Lucky Debonair by only a long neck, but it was the way he did it that was so impressive. Running between Gummo and Lucky Debonair for nearly a mile, it would have been quite normal for Jacinto to chuck the fight—which is exactly what the middle horse does in such a situation 99% of the time. But Jacinto apparently inherited both guts and speed from his daddy, Bold Ruler. Twice Gummo put his nose in front, but Jacinto wouldn't let him go and finally overpowered him for good after they turned for home. In the stretch Lucky Debonair, who had been

on the outside all the way, challenged, but Manuel Ycaza used his whip three or four times and Jacinto, in the first real battle of his young career, responded bravely to come on once again. He was actually drawing away at the wire. In this week's Derby he gets eight pounds off and will carry 118, along with all other Derby starters. Once again his most dangerous rival should be Lucky Debonair, but Trainer Eddie Neloy, who is still aiming for Horse of the Year honors with Gum Bow, will fire an entry of Gummo and Philately at him, and the racing world may discover, two months in advance of the Kentucky Derby, whether the big horse in Louisville is to be Jacinto or something that will come out of this week's Flamingo at Hialeah. Last year Californians banked everything on Hill Rise. It is a pity they did not save some of it to put on him in last Saturday's Handicap. After 30 years of reading past performances even the little old ladies in God's Waiting Room should have known better.

END

AFTER SETTING HIS OWN PACE, HILL RISE FINISHES A LENGTH AND A HALF AHEAD OF CANDY SPOTS (ON RAIL) AND GEORGE ROYAL





In New York, hockey's house is not a home

Week after week, the fans flock into Madison Square Garden to watch the Rangers play. Week after week, the cash registers ring with profits. But hockey in the big, hard-hearted city is a game played without love

It must be obvious by now to anyone interested in the game that New York just plain doesn't want to have a good hockey team. Why it doesn't will perhaps forever remain a mystery, but the evidence is incontrovertible. Except for the (comparatively) small band of faithful fans who cram into Madison Square Garden each week to moan over its team's losses, New Yorkers seem utterly indifferent to hockey and hockey players. The men who own and run the New York Rangers seem even more so. Twice in the last two years the Ranger management has given away its best players in trades that could be equaled only if the New York Yankees gave away Mickey

Mantle one year and Roger Maris the next and got a handful of rookies and also-runs in return. Last year's end-of-season Ranger trade sent Andy Bathgate, the team's alltime scoring leader and one of the few genuine superstars of the game, off to Toronto just in time to help that team win its 12th Stanley Cup. If the fans were a bit downhearted, Andy himself was not. "What a difference," he said with the happy smile of a man paroled, "between New York and Toronto. Back there the only time people recognize you as a hockey player is when you are going in or coming out of Madison Square Garden."

With Andy gone, the bright star of the

Rangers was little Camille Henry, the second-highest scorer in the team's history. So this year, just four weeks ago in fact, the Rangers traded off Camille—perhaps, though it was not so stated, because he was shooting more goals than anyone else on the team.

No single trade, not even Andy's, has upset Ranger fans as much. Not only was Henry the second Ranger captain and high scorer to be traded away in two seasons, he was the league's most accurate shooter as well. Cammy hit on nearly 25% of his scoring opportunities, and scoring opportunities with a team like the Rangers are not easily come by. Up to the time of his trade, Henry had scored

21 goals for the Rangers in the current season, and 19 of them were "important" goals, i.e., first, winning, tying or insurance goals.

Except for warning them not to throw rotten eggs and hot pennies on the ice, the Ranger management, an amorphous group of capitalists who own the Knicks basketball team and Madison Square Garden as well, does not waste much time on hockey fans. The official excuse it gave for dealing off Bathgate and Henry amounted to little more than a kind of hot-potato-in-the-mouth muttering about "building for the future." But for a Ranger fan such as I, the future still seems a long way off.

The trouble with being a Ranger fan—or a Ranger player, for the matter of that—is not just the drab hopelessness which comes with constant defeat. It is not just the knowledge that the Rangers have not won a Stanley Cup in a quarter of a century or a league championship in 23 years. It is not just knowing that no Ranger in recent memory has been named the league's top goalie, the league's top scorer or even its rookie of the year in 10 seasons. The trouble with being a Ranger fan is the feeling of frustration which comes from knowing that none of this is the fault of the team or its players.

The last time I saw the Rangers play, people were throwing little colored rubber balls down on the Madison Square Garden ice from the box seats, the mezzanine and the balcony. Green balls, red balls, orange balls. Not one of these balls was being thrown at a Ranger player or even at an opposing Black Hawk. Instead, like a man who has finally cracked up and sits thrumming his fingers over wet lips, the Ranger fans were reacting mindlessly but desperately to the rocks that the Ranger management has been throwing at them for years.

Since November 1959 that management (the Madison Square Garden Corporation, Irving Mitchell Felt, president) has had five different coaches running its team. Meanwhile, to make the job of each one virtually impossible, it has traded away the makings of an all-star team, including Goalties Johnny Bower and Gump Worsley; Defencemen Allan Stanley, Lou Fontinato, Bill Gadsby, and Al Langlois; scorers Ron Murphy, Andy Bathgate, Dean Prentice, Don McKenney, Dave Balon, Floyd Smith,

Andy Hebeston and Camille Henry.

There is a mathematical constant in big league hockey almost as reliable as Einstein's $E=MC^2$. It is that the teams in positions one through five in the standings will play better than .500 hockey at home. With only eight wins in 28 home games the Rangers are currently batting worse than .300.

Three weeks ago a Ranger fan from Brooklyn named Richard Goldhaber began to circulate a petition aimed to stir the Ranger management into doing something. "We live without a tradition of victory," says this document, "and without a team of which we may be justly proud. . . . For the past decade, the management has continually promised that things would be looking up. Yet the only things that go up are ticket and concession prices."

Mr. Goldhaber has a valid point. In recent years programs for Ranger games have doubled in price from 25¢ to 50¢ while the editorial content has remained virtually the same. Since 1961, ticket prices have risen as much as \$1. Yet the hockey has not improved. Management can thus count on half a million more dollars in profits but its player payroll remains the lowest in the league—so low in fact that recently NHL President Clarence Campbell stepped in to arbitrate on behalf of the Ranger players to get more money for them from the Ranger management.

Even more than money, however, what Ranger players need is a kind of incentive to play good hockey that, apparently, neither New York as a whole nor the Ranger management in particular can give them. Professional big league hockey players are an egotistical, a clannish and a proud lot, and most of them dislike New York heartily. In New York they walk the streets and ride the subways virtually unrecognized, whereas in the Canadian cities and even in Chicago, Detroit and Boston, they are celebrities.

Four years ago the Rangers tried to acquire Red Kelly, then a fine skater on the Red Wings and a current member of the Canadian parliament. Kelly would not come to New York, largely because he was convinced New York was a bad town to play hockey in. Kelly felt so strongly about it that he risked suspension by refusing to report at the Garden.

"I certainly did not want to go to New York," says Kelly, who is now a mainstay of the Toronto Maple Leafs. "There was no hope of getting into the playoffs with the Rangers. That means less money and it also means that players are robbed of ambition or objectives. There is no hockey atmosphere in New York."

Unnoticed by most radio and TV interviewers, unrecognized by the public except on the ice, the Ranger players live in a tightly knit group, in rented homes out in Long Beach on Long Island, 25 miles from the city. Their wives are lonely for Canada, and they themselves lack even a decent place to practice. There is little doubt that practice on a standard-size rink sharpens the passing of a major league hockey team, but the Garden stages so many different sporting events that the Rangers often practice upstairs on a tiny pond called IceLand, which was built for figure skating and has aluminum sideboards. This year the team has, at times, practiced out on the Long Island Ducks' home ice in Commack, which provides a better rink but involves a three-hour drive back and forth.

Early this season Goaltie Jacques Plante complained publicly about his team's mismanagement and was quoted by Stan Fischler, hockey writer for the *Journal American*, as saying, "The Rangers are cheap in a lot of ways. They made the players drive out to Commack for practices and they made them pay their own expenses instead of taking them out by bus. It was the same when you came back from a road trip." Plante also called the Ranger dressing room "a dirt house and the worst in the league."

No sooner had Plante's statements appeared in the paper than he was summoned from Baltimore, where he was trying to play himself into shape after an injury. In front of an astonished group of reporters and a gaggle of beaming Ranger brass, he promptly recanted all he had said.

Ironically, one of the few Ranger players ever to express a genuine fondness for New York was the recently banished Camille Henry. On the day that Henry was told he had been traded to Chicago, he sat stunned in the office of General Manager Emile (The Cat) Francis, who succeeded Muzz Patrick as boss this year. But the melancholy

continued

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HOCKEY continued

that Camille first felt on leaving New York quickly disappeared when he arrived in Chicago. Early one morning as the Hawks came off an overnight train from a road game, the ex-Ranger was amazed to see a group of fans waiting to greet the team at the station. "This never happened to me in New York," Henry told one of his new teammates, "and I was there a long, long time."

If New Yorkers don't throng to the railroad station to meet their hockey players, however, or make their lives gloriously miserable outside Toots Shor's begging for autographs, they do, at least, pile into the Garden to watch them play. And that may be the whole trouble. Even with the punknet play in the league, the Ranger management has already sold out the Garden nine times this season (capacity 15,925) and had near sellouts on eight other occasions. Its season-long business last year was well over 90% of capacity.

Why then should it bother with such nonessentials as building and training a good hockey team and making its players known to the public? Up to now the Ranger management has answered this question with a tacit but nonetheless definite "It shouldn't." But true Ranger fans live on hope, and right now, with Muzz Patrick gone, they are looking to Cat Francis to feed that hope. "The club's record in the last seven years has been a disgrace," Francis admits. "The one year in the last seven we made the playoffs—1961-1962—we made it on the back of Doug Harvey, a 37-year-old defenseman. And we made it with 64 points, one of the lowest totals of any fourth-place club in 30 years."

Under Francis, the Rangers have increased their scouting staff from 20 to 32 men in the last three months alone. It is promised that some staffers will work 12 months a year to improve the image of the Rangers, if such a thing is possible. Francis hopes, or claims to hope, that the Rangers can be a contender in three years—a contender for first place, no less.

If Francis is right, maybe I'll go back to Madison Square Garden and learn to hope once more. After nearly a quarter of a century of disappointment, I believe I deserve something besides promises and price rises. But as of now I can think of the Rangers only in terms of little rubber balls. Green balls, red balls, orange balls.

END



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Luck always helps in a game of skill

Luck plays only a minor role in tournament bridge, since all contestants play the same hands. True, you can be unlucky enough to play difficult hands against strong opponents, but over the course of a full session this evens out. But in the International Team Trials in Dallas last November there was one instance of luck that played a major part in the final makeup of the U. S. team.

It occurred when B. Jay Becker and Dorothy Hayden, who finished third and made the team, played Sam Stayman and Vic Mitchell, who just missed qualifying. The

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WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	4 ♣
PASS	4 ♠	PASS	6 ♠
PASS	7 ♠	PASS	7 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of hearts

schedule of play called for the two pairs to change positions from time to time, moving from East-West to North-South. Obviously, it was easier to remain seated and simply change the direction of the boards in which the cards are held. Then came the deal shown here. Stayman and Mitchell should have held the North-South hands, but the official in charge of placing the boards in the proper position made an error. Becker and Mrs. Hayden picked up the North-South cards and reached a conservative small slam at clubs, worth 940 points and a loss of two International Match Points, since most players scored 1,020 in six no trump. But had Stayman and Mitchell held the North-South cards, as they should have, they would most probably have reached a contract of seven no trump, for the hand (as shown in diagram) was made to order for their highly complex bidding system. I'll try to explain.

A two-club opening is artificial and forcing. A response of two diamonds is mandatory, regardless of strength. Two no trump then shows the equivalent of a normal two-no-trump opening. Now if South bid three clubs it would be a request for a four-card major: three diamonds or three hearts would be transfer bids, demanding that opener bid three hearts or three spades. And, since three spades would have no normal meaning in the involved molecular structure of their system, it has been drafted to show a minor-suit hand and ask partner to bid a four-card minor if he holds one. North denies four of either minor when he bids three no trump. Since South has already said he holds the minor suits, his bid of four hearts is a cue bid showing the ace. North would cue-bid spades in turn. South's five-club bid would count his hand for at least five clubs and four diamonds, and North's cards must now be recognized as filling every possible hole in South's hand.

South, in turn, can tell—knowing that his partner does not have a four-card minor—that North's bid must be based on top-card winners. Thus, while seven clubs would be an excellent contract, Mitchell would almost certainly have bid seven no trump. Had he done so, his side would have scored 10 IMPs instead of two and would have won the match 35-25 instead of losing it 27-33. This would have brought Becker and Mrs. Hayden's score down to 571½ and boosted Stayman-Mitchell into third place with 572—good enough to clinch a place on the 1965 team. **END**

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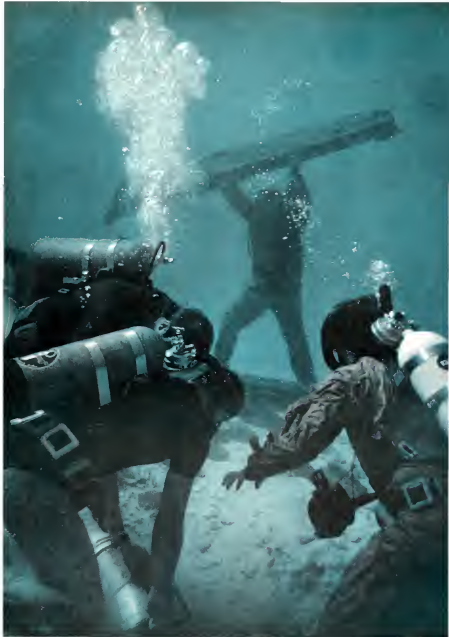


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THE GHOST IN THE BLUE HOLE

*On a wild and lonely Caribbean reef
divers have been digging for a decade at
the rotten timbers of an old Spanish
ship. It is an unrewarding carcass. The
searchers curse it, call it a frowl, but
they keep going back to dig again, stubbornly
sure that treasure—or some nebulous
thing worth more than gold—lies just
a foot farther, a foot deeper in the sand*

BY COLES PHINIZY

Southwest of Jamaica in the open Caribbean—at 16° 52' north and 78° 6' west, to be slavishly exact—there is a beautiful and lonely place called Banner Reef that stretches for a mile and a half from nowhere to nowhere. It is a desolate reef, but seldom a quiet one, for the wind-driven swells of the deep are constantly assailing it, smashing its coral monuments and smothering it in white fury. Banner Reef is the strongest, meanest link in a broken, twisted chain of shoals, cays and isolated rocks that extends for 60 miles along the windward edge of a sunken penicillin half the size of Connecticut. The geologists are not sure how this nasty line of reefs and rocks came to be and, until they can decide, I am willing to believe that the whole chain was forged by the devil on a mad afternoon and strung across the warm seas in treacherous and deceitful array simply to harass mariners.

Whatever its origin, the long, loose chain has served the devil well. Here and there under the white water of the reefs, the timbers and decayed iron of old sailing ships lie in common graves with the steel and brightwork of steam packets that foundered only yesterday. A mile out from the center of the chain, a modern 200-foot freighter stands against the horizon, seemingly under way, although in fact it is inextricably stuck on the shoulder of a barren cay. Like all the ships caught by the chain in the past four centuries, in time this freighter will be taken apart by the waves and digested by the slow chemical processes of the sea.

The science of wreck exploring—or marine archaeology, as it is pompously called—is growing fast. Although none of the shoals and cays in the chain that includes Banner Reef is very safe or accessible, wreck hunters have probed a few of them. On one dry cay northeast of Banner Reef a wreck-hunting party using a metal detector is said to have uncovered the remains of a metal detector. I have not been able to verify this story, but from my own experiences I do know that at such remote places in the sea one can usually count on finding traces of men who came before. This past winter, for example, while picking through rubble on the

continued

same small cay where one metal detector supposedly discovered another, a wreck hunter named Sonny Clayton and I found part of an old boiler, a bottle of French sun lotion, the heating element from an electric toaster and five beach sandals—none matching.

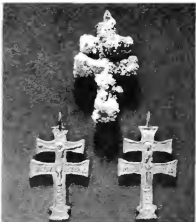
The human race has a remarkable talent for turning a bad penny into a fast buck, and before long even these remote shoals, and the assorted litter they have been collecting, will be put to some use. Although no part of Banner Reef comes within four feet of the surface, at some time in the future resort hotels—a Sheraton-Buccancer and a Banner Hilton—will probably be built there, catering to the scuba-diving set, who will be able to jump off the balconies and explore wrecks right on the hotel grounds. The exploitation of such a remote graveyard of ships may seem fanciful, but truly it is not. In a sense it has already begun: five old cannons recently were salvaged from a wreck on Banner Reef and replanted 120 miles away to wow the snorkeling tourists at the Reef Club on the north coast of Jamaica. Some day Banner Reef will be a well-equipped stop on the tourist map, complete with scheduled helicopter service, guided tours, nifty gift shops and all the stuffifying conveniences that have spoiled so many fine, rowdy places in the Caribbean.

But for the blessed moment, at least, inconvenience and anarchy prevail on Banner Reef. It is still a perverse part of God's original, lopsided world, governed by a shifty code of natural laws. On Banner Reef there are sometimes two tides a day and sometimes only one, an aberration caused by a whim of the moon (there is a table for calculating this lunar effect, but it takes the genius of an ancient Mayan to understand it). The most trustworthy navigation charts claim there is a constant current of about a knot setting from the deep across Banner Reef to the shallow wasteland on the lee side. But while diving at several spots on the reef I have felt the current suddenly swing and run better than a knot in the opposite direction, so that, to avoid being carried off the deep side, I had to grab the base of a sea fan or the enmeshed trunnion of an old cannon and hang on. This reef is no place for the trusting; you learn that quickly.

Leeward of the breaking seas, at five separate points on Banner Reef, the usual brown and mustard colors of the coralline ledge give way to a bright, cold blue, where the bottom drops away to a depth of 20 or 30 feet. These blue holes do not go through the reef. Instead, they extend from the lee side approximately to the crest, where the waves are usually having a smashing time. One geologist has suggested that the blue holes were caused by secondary faulting across the strike of the reef, but this does not seem reasonable to the wreck divers who have had a closer look. Here again, until better evidence is offered in court, I am satisfied that the devil scooped out the holes to bury ships whose bottoms were torn open on the reef top.

One of these blue holes, half a mile from the southwest end of the reef, holds the vital parts of a mysterious ship—a vessel that attracts because so much is known about it and yet so little: its main cargo could have been gold and silver or merely a humdrum lading of cheap goods.

Although wreck divers have worked only hither-and-thither elsewhere in the area, in the past 10 years an extraordinary number of them have picked at the remains of this one corpse in the blue hole on Banner Reef. I know of 65 divers who have worked there and, if you add up the days all of them have spent below at one time or another, it comes to something like five months of continuous digging by a four-man team. In that time more



As with their owners, most divers leaving Banner Reef in boats recognize that the cargo haul is missing in its entirety.

than 500 tons of limy sand and dead coral have been jettied away with hoses and sucked and resucked through the maws of dredges, each cubic foot of it tediously searched for the small trinkets and fragments of the wreck. Almost everywhere that divers have elected to dig in the blue hole they have discovered a disorderly assortment of ribs, beams, hull planks, cannons, spikes, bones, flintlock guns and pistols, rapiers and sabers, tools and tableware, tackle blocks and deadeyes, chainplates and trunnion plates, rotten rope and tattered swatches of sail. Since 1961 there have been six major expeditions organized to explore this wreck. Counting about \$50,000 for equipment lost or worn out, the expeditions have poured more than \$10,000 into the hole.

Some of the artifacts recovered by these expeditions are now in the Smithsonian in Washington. Others are on

Continued

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display at the Institute of Jamaica, at the Museum of Sunken Treasure in the Florida Keys and at the CEDAM museum in Mexico City. While many of them are intriguing showpieces, it is doubtful whether all the artifacts and fragments that have been dug out of the blue hole to date would bring \$30,000 at a quick auction. In 10 years of off-and-on digging, there has been only one lot of gold found—a ring—and a few pounds of silver, much of it badly decomposed. Even if nothing of intrinsic value were recovered, scholars would dance a jig if the ship could merely be identified, for many of the artifacts taken from it would help date other wrecks. But after all that digging and considerable search in the archives of the New and Old Worlds it is still unidentified. No one knows the ship's name or where it was bound or how it ran afoul of the reef.

So the ghost ship in the blue hole remains a meaningless, useless link in the chain of history, but an unusual one if you consider the unseen grip it has on modern, sophisticated men. North of Cuba, along the homeward route of the old Spanish fleets, there are many wrecks that have yielded more, or that might yield more, or that are at least more convenient and easier to work, but still, like a slick carnival patchman, this one unrewarding old carcass buried in the middle of nowhere keeps pulling divers back for another try. I have never spent more than five hours in the blue hole on a single day, but I have seen other divers work below for 10 and 12 consecutive hours, groveling in a world they do not altogether fit. When the sea is in its most quixotic moments, even with 25 pounds of lead around them the divers are tossed to and fro, clumsy dolls struggling where angelfish drift serenely. In the current that scours the bottom, where scavenging goatfish move easily along through the silt, the divers must fritter away valuable air wrestling to hold the cumbersome dredging equipment in position. When the divers return to the surface after a long day, their skin is shriveled and their bodies shake in the evening wind. They curse their own inadequacy and the whole enterprise, but before they are done shivering and cursing they start laying plans for tomorrow's work.

The blue hole is a very contagious place. The man who gets a case of wreck fever there usually does not recover. Most of the divers who have labored fruitlessly in the hole itch to return and try again. Many have gone back, some of them three and four times. The man responsible for the contagion—the Typhoid Mary of the epidemic, as it were—is 54-year-old Art McKee, the director of the Museum of Sunken Treasure in the Florida Keys. He first worked in the blue hole in 1955, and has been there four times in all. On his first three tries McKee and his companions were plagued by motor failure, dragging anchors, swamping, foul weather and bad air, heavy seas and tides, injury, sickness and sharp arguments fomented by charges and countercharges of illegal activity—in short, the routine troubles that wreck hunters come to expect. At the end of his fourth search on Banner Reef, when the rest of the crew was obliged to quit the expedition boat in Jamaica because of



At work in the blue hole, divers use a hand-dredge to suck tons of sand and silt away from the remains of the wreck.

emergencies at home, McKee rode out a hurricane alone and made it singlehanded in the 110-foot boat to Grand Cayman, where he succeeded in hiring on a navigator. The second day out of Grand Cayman, while wallowing in a storm with seas abeam, McKee was thrown across the deck, breaking three ribs. Shortly thereafter the navigator ran the boat aground on Cabo Real Reef southwest of Cuba. Although McKee managed to back the boat off this near disaster, it was taking on so much water that the U.S. Coast Guard mercifully parachuted emergency pumping gear. With this assist, McKee made it safely back to the Florida Keys, where the emergency gear exploded, burning the ship to the waterline. Although he has had a good bit of the worst of it, McKee still insists that someday he will find valuable treasure in or around the blue hole. If an owl and a pussycat set out for Banner Reef tomorrow in a peapreen pram, Art McKee would join them.

McKee has been exploring wrecks for 27 years. At this point in his life the fever burns constantly in him, and his resistance to it is unquestionably low. In contrast, consider the case of 65-year-old Gordon Patton, a gentle, gracious

continued



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GHOST WRECK continued

and presumably sane man, who did not feel the hot flush of wreck fever until recently. Patton first put on diving gear at 58, and it was only four years ago that he looked down on the course forms of cannons and ballast rock on Banner Reef. In and out of the water, in calm and angry times, Patton moves with the deliberate competence of a loggerhead turtle. He has led a normal, respectable life as a teacher, an education administrator and able businessman, but in his attachment to the wreck in the blue hole he is one of the giddiest. At one time or another, Patton has spent two months on Banner Reef and another two months getting there, or trying to. In 1961, when I went to Banner Reef as a member of the first big expedition to search it, Patton was along. That expedition broke up on the island of Grand Cayman—where all hands were detained three days while the local administrators investigated various claims of mutiny and betrayal—and the last I saw of Patton he was sitting quietly, polishing crucifixes and religious medals found in the blue hole.

In April of 1962, 10 months after his first visit to the reef, Patton set out from Port Everglades, Fla. in his 52-foot boat *Prices*, in the company of six other wreck expeditioners. While running the Windward Passage during a dangerous night of 25-foot seas, the helmsman took his bearings off a false light and ran onto a reef near the old town of Baracoa on the north Cuban coast. The boat went down in eight minutes. During an hour-and-a-half struggle to reach shore, Patton was bitten by a shark. All seven expeditioners spent the next day at a Cuban fort, in the custody of a second lieutenant who wanted to shoot them and a first lieutenant who was undecided. Cuban divers searched the remains of Patton's boat and found that it truly was loaded with salvage equipment. Thereafter the wreck hunters were treated very decently by the Cubans until passage home could be arranged.

Early this winter I met Patton again. A skilled wreck digger named Norman Scott was leading the most recent big expedition to Banner Reef. I joined up for the final two weeks of work, and

continued

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RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE

GHOST WRECK *continued*

there in the cabin next to mine was Gordon Patton, quietly cleaning and polishing a new haul of artifacts.

"You here again, Patton?" I asked. "How could you possibly be so damn dumb?"

"Now, son, please don't scold me," he answered gently. "I can't help myself. I'm just like a fly on a rotten banana. Shoo me off, and I keep coming back."

Gordon Patton insists that he will go back to Banner Reef again and again until he has identified the ship in the blue hole. Curiously, the first wreck hunters who probed the hole 10 years ago thought they knew. In August of 1730 a capital Spanish ship, officially called *Nuestra Señora del Carmen* but commonly called *La Genovésa*, sailed for Spain from Cartagena with \$3 million worth of gold and silver. While northbound in the Caribbean the *Genovésa* was carried eastward, off course, by the fringe winds of a hurricane. Then, when the storm abated, reaching westward to make its original mark, the *Genovésa* ran onto Banner

Reef, or onto one of the other shoals in the chain, which the Spaniards of that day called Serpent Shoals.

It was the *Genovésa's* treasure that first attracted divers to the blue hole. And still today they dig on and on, even though the farther they dig the less it seems that the wreck is the gold ship. To date, 17 cannons have been found in the blue hole and on the reef crest around it, but all these guns, as well as the solid balls and canister shot lying with them, are smaller than one would expect on a revenue ship carrying treasure back to Spain. Divers have found a profusion of knife blades, ivory combs, needles, crucifixes and religious medals—items that were obviously made in the Old World for trade in the New. Because of this cargo, it can be argued that the wreck in the hole was not a revenue ship at all, or at least that it was not bound back for Spain at the time, yet, strangely, 64 years ago Cayman Islanders who were scrounging the area for scrap brass did find about \$6,000 in gold bars and coins.

continued



Art Mc Kee, first diver to work the old wreck, has never found the gold he seeks, but he has recovered valuable objects, such as the decorative bronze dagger handle he holds here.



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GHOST WRECK *continued*

near the southwest edge of the blue hole. Three times in the past three years divers have dynamited this same southwest edge, but where the old brass hunters found gold the modern gold hunters have found only brass.

The ivory combs recovered from the wreckage in the hole are identical to combs found in the remains of *El Manzanero*, a Spanish merchant ship that sank off Mexico in 1742, but none of the 16 different crucifixes and religious medals recovered from the hole is like



Gordon Patton was a happily retired businessman. Then he began risking his life at the blue hole.

any of the 120 different crucifixes and medals found on the *Manzanero*. Many of the artifacts found in the Banner Reef hole are badly bent, battered and broken, suggesting that the ship sank while the force of a storm was still upon it. Yet, here and there, buried under timbers or lying loose in the sand, rope has been discovered still neatly coiled and fragile objects have been uncovered intact, suggesting a quiet end. Because there is so much contradictory evidence, some divers believe that the remains of two old ships lie together in the hole, and this is altogether possible.

Of all the fragments taken from the blue hole throughout the past 10 years,

continued

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GHOST WRECK by James F. Moore

only one tells anything for certain about the wreckage there. In the welter of religious medals brought up by divers of the expedition this past winter, there was one showing the profile of St. Rose of Lima, who lived an ascetic, near-mystic life in the early 17th century. St. Rose of Lima was not canonized until 1671, thus, for certain, some of the wreckage in the blue hole dates no earlier than that.

The expedition that found this one significant medal was sponsored by a Fort Worth oilman, F. Kirk Johnson Jr., who, though a novice on the Banner Reef scene, has a certified curiosity—in 1957 he led an expedition into the Himalayas to search for the Abominable Snowman. As long as men of such curiosity are attracted to it, the ship in the blue hole will be under assault, its secrets threatened. Someday, perhaps, divers will bring back a bright haul of gold, or at least will learn the identity of the ship, but I doubt if either of these prospects is what really keeps most of them groveling in the rubble of Banner Reef. Many of them dig on out there simply because it is a stimulating place to gamble. The blue hole on Banner Reef is still a wide-open joint outside the jurisdiction of all the salty governments of men. God still deals the cards there, and the game is free of kibitzers. On that count, for sure, it is a place worth visiting.

This past winter, in the last hour of my last afternoon on Banner Reef, 20 black frigate birds came from the east, like dark messengers from the past, and hung in the sky over the expedition boat. They remained there for 20 minutes, resting in the wave of air thrown up by the ship. As I sat on the afterdeck, sometimes watching the birds, sometimes pecking at the rust and coral in the cuts on my feet, a large moth lit beside me. In another moment a swallow swooped down from somewhere, seized the moth, subdued it and settled on the deck between my legs to eat it. What was a moth doing on Banner Reef? Why had it traveled so far into the sea wind? What was a swallow doing so far from the caves and mudbanks of its ordinary life? For that matter, why was I on Banner Reef? I cannot say. I am merely grateful that there are such places left to go. **END**

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

The jockeying for championship teams for the two major postseason tournaments was almost over. But the NCAA, strangled by a shortage of good mid-large teams in the South and West, reluctantly cut its field from 25 to 23 and even then had to indulge in some gerrymandering to fill out the Midwest Regional. By the end of the week the NCAA had seven of its 15 conference champions and seven of its eight independents safely in the fold. Defending National Champion UCLA (AAWU), St. Joseph's (Mid-Atlantic), Princeton (Ivy), Connecticut (Yankee), West Virginia (Southern), Eastern Kentucky (Ohio Valley) and San Francisco (West Coast) all clinched their league titles and were in the four regions along with Providence (20-1), Penn State (19-3), Dayton (19-6), Colorado State (15-6), DePaul (16-7), Houston (18-8) and Oklahoma City (19-9).

New York's NIT, meanwhile, was busy assembling a 14-team field for the tournament that begins March 11 in Madison Square Garden. Already in Villanova (19-4), New Mexico (19-5), Boston College (19-6), Army (18-7), Detroit (17-7), Texas Western (17-8), St. John's (16-8), La Salle (15-7), NYU (13-7), Manhattan (12-6), Fordham (12-11) and Ohio Valley runner-up Western Kentucky (16-8). Possibilities for the two remaining places: St. Bonaventure (15-6),

Creighton (13-9), Notre Dame (14-11) and Missouri Valley runner-up St. Louis (17-1) and Bradley (16-8).

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (24-0)
2. VILLANOVA (19-4) 3. PROVIDENCE (20-1)

Providence's Joe Mullane, whose Friars were the nation's only unbeaten major-college team, hardly looked the part of the worried coach as he relaxed in his motel room before the Villanova game. "No, our kids don't seem to feel any pressure, they're loose," he said. "If we play our normal game and shoot as well as we have been lately, we won't have any trouble." But there was trouble later in the noisy Villanova field house. The Friars shot a putty 39% against the Wildcats' zone defenses, which shifted imperceptibly from 2-3 to 3-2 to combinations, and that was not good enough. Bill Melchioni, a dead-eye Villanova guard, and Jim Washington, a tough 6-foot-7 rebounder, each shot in 21 points, and the Wildcats handled Providence's first loss, 71-57. Later the Friars bounced back to beat Holy Cross 75-64, while Villanova smashed Memphis State 91-58.

Villanova's big win was not the only excitement in Philadelphia last week. La Salle had the usual overflow crowd in the Palestra pointing as little Curt Frenzel brought the

Explorers from 20 points behind to give St. John's, the city's big team, a run for its glory. Frenzel, throwing in amazing scoop shots and swishing 20-foot jumpers, scored 34 points and had La Salle only two points behind with 1:46 to go. Then Billy Oakes, Tom Duff and Marty Ford put in baskets and it was all over. St. Joe's won 93-85.

It was a dismal week for Cornell, St. John's and NYU. After leading the Ivy League for most of the season, Cornell fell apart all at once. Penn surprised the Big Red 79-70 last Friday night, and then Princeton, with Bill Bradley playing brilliantly as usual (he's), trounced them 107-84 to win its third Ivy title in a row. St. John's ran into trouble in upstate New York. The Redmen lost to Vermont 68-59 and lost to St. Joe's 85-75. NYU's troubles were purely local. The Violet looked solid enough as they beat Notre Dame 60-44 in Madison Square Garden. Then they came up against Fordham's spoilers. The Rams bottled up the NYU shooters with their variable zone defenses, outthought them off the boards and beat them 58-52.

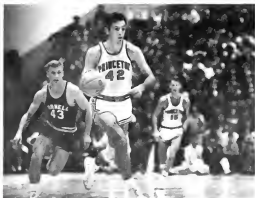
Penn State getting ready for its first NCAA tournament since 1955, beat Bucknell 68-52 and Pitt 81-72, while Army, playing patiently against Navy's zone defense, celebrated Coach Tate Locke's 28th birthday by beating the Midkies 62-52 at Ann Arbor for the first time in 20 years. Connecticut took Manhattan 80-75 in overtime and then beat New Hampshire 109-61 to clinch the Yankee championship. Boston College edged Boston U 90-85 in the opening round of the Beaneon tournament.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. VANDERBILT (20-3)
2. DUKE (20-4) 3. DAVIDSON (20-2)

All season long Davidson had fought off its Southern Conference rivals in what amounted to a race to nowhere. Despite a 12-0 league record and a 22-game winning streak, the Wildcats still had to win the annual conference tournament in Charlotte to get to the NCAA regional. So wise coaches, which finished third in the regular season, knocked out Davidson 74-72 in overtime in the semifinals (over J2). Then the wheedling Mountaineers tumbled William and Mary, a sixth-place team, 70-67 in double overtime in the final. That put West Virginia, now 14-14 in the year, in the East Regional in Philadelphia on March 8.

The Atlantic Coast, the only other conference that persists in choosing an NCAA representative with a tournament, was ready to start that showdown Thursday in Raleigh with first-place Duke a no-contender. But the Blue Devils have been forewarned. In fact, South Carolina's Hank McGee, a classy judge of basketball talent even though he does not have much this season, has been saying all year that Duke would have to worry about Maryland



CHARGING DOWNCOURT. Princeton's graceful Bill Bradley appears untroubled about threat presented by Cornell's Dave Bliss. Bradley got 33 points as the Tigers won Big Ivy title.

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and North Carolina in the tournament. Last week Duke's Vic Bubas had to believe him. Duke lost to both of them.

MARYLAND, led by sophomore Jay McMillen, a wispy jump-shooter who scored 32 points, had Duke down by 18 at half time. A full-court press shook up the young Terps for a while, but they recovered in time to hang on for an 85-82 victory. Maryland's first over the Blue Devils in five years. NORTH CAROLINA caught Duke, too, for the second time. A clinging man-to-man defense cut the Blue Devils' usual fast break down to a meaningless stroll. Billy Cunningham and Bobby Lewis fired in 45 points between them, and Carolina won 71-66. NORTH CAROLINA STATE, meanwhile, beat Wake Forest 87-81 to finish in a tie with Maryland and North Carolina, just a game behind Duke in the final standings. No wonder the Blue Devils were nervous.

It has been a long season for KENTUCKY's Adolph Rupp. Most of the time his Wildcats had looked like harmless tubbies as they muddled to 10 losses to give The Baron his worst record in 35 years of coaching. It was enough to make a man think of retiring. But last week Rupp was as bouncy as ever. His Wildcats, surprisingly, out-clawed Tennessee on defense—no mean feat this year—and Louis Osipow dropped in two foul shots with 57 seconds to go. Kentucky thus beat the Vols 61-60. That just about ended Tennessee's chances of catching YANDERBELT for the Southeastern Conference title. Vandy smothered Georgia 98-72 and Alabama 75-54 to lead the Vols by two games with three to go.

EASTERN KENTUCKY breezed past Tennessee Tech 99-81 and Morehead 100-85 to win the Ohio Valley title, but there was some solace for second-place WESTERN KENTUCKY. The Hilltoppers, who finished last two years in a row, wound up in the NIT after bombing Austin Peay 116-77 and losing to MURRAY STATE 103-91. Against Rollins, MIAMI's Rick Barry had his best night yet. He scored 59 points (for a 37.96 average) as the Hurricanes won 148-79.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (20-2)
2. MINNESOTA (21-4) 3. ILLINOIS (22-2)

Even MICHIGAN's ebullient Dave Strack was amazed by his team. "I probably lose my point more often than they do," he said last week, "and when they do, they always come back with the gut shot." That was just about the size of it, too, as the muscular Wolverines shook off two more challengers in the Big Ten. Minnesota looked good until big Bill Buntin began grabbing rebounds and Cazzie Russell, bouncing around like a rubber ball, got his shooting eye. Then Michigan won easily 91-78. Illinois was tougher. It had the Big Ten leaders

down by eight points with only 7:50 to go, but the Wolverines dug in and caught up. Russell got five points in the last 33 seconds and Michigan pulled it out 80-79 for its 11th straight. "It'll take a miracle to stop us now," predicted Captain Larry Tregoning. But Coach Strack was wary. "Remember the Phillies," he warned.

The pressures of the tough Missouri Valley were beginning to get to teams and coaches. Wichita State, once considered a wrap-up for the title, was having its troubles. The Shockers succumbed to BRADLEY's quick, long-passing game 77-73, and now ST. LOUIS had a slim chance again. The second-place Bills, who were surprised by CINCINNATI 69-60 earlier, beat Louisville 78-65. Cincy's Ed Jucker, who found himself hard to take, revealed he was quitting at the end of the season. "Mentally and physically, I'm a wreck," he admitted. "I feel I've lost the touch."

KANSAS STATE's resourceful Tex Winter, with four straight losses behind him, had a new gambit ready for Colorado. He started four guards and a center against the Buffs, and they shot Colorado out of the Big Eight race 63-50. OKLAHOMA STATE, the leader, put down OKLAHOMA 65-54 and now the Cowboys are only worried about KANSAS, a 71-62 winner over Nebraska.

Southern Illinois, in a tizzy ever since it lost a one-pointer to unbeaten EVANSVILLE back in January, got another shot at the slick Aces, this time in Carbondale, and 10,100 turned out to watch the fun. The lead changed hands 18 times, the score was tied nine times, but in the end Jerry Skorn, Larry Humes and their talented friends prevailed. Evansville won 68-67 for its 24th of the season and 30th in a row.

MIAMI of Ohio got ailing Charlie Oenkins back, and the Redskins beat Toledo 78-64 to finish with an 11-1 record in the Mid-American. But onto U., which trimmed Loyola of Chicago 84-76 and Kent State 95-75, can still force a playoff by beating Toledo next Saturday. Dayton celebrated its NIT invitation by taking Louisville 75-70 and St. Francis (Pa.) 80-43. DETROIT, another NIT team, edged Bowling Green 75-73, while NOTRE DAME, still hoping to hear from New York, routed DePaul 83-67.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (20-6)
2. HOUSTON (20-4) 3. TEXAS TECH (20-4)

A funny thing happened to Texas Tech on its way to the Southwest Conference championship. It got upset by some very shoddy bookkeeping. Dr. J. William Oavis, the school's faculty representative, belatedly discovered that junior Forward Norman Reuther, one of Tech's long-haired shooting stars, was ineligible—and had been all season. Reuther failed to pass the required number of hours (10) last semester. Texas Tech

promptly withdrew from all championship consideration. The Raiders, who still led the SWC by a full game despite an 88-86 loss to Baylor earlier in the week, were stunned by the news. "We just wanted to sit down and have a good cry," said one player.

With Texas Tech out, the race was between second-place SMU and third-place TEXAS. The Ponies, switching from full-court presses to variations of the zone, baffled Baylor frequently enough to pull out an 80-70 victory as sophomore Charlie Beasley threw in 22 points. Texas found Texas A&M's slick John Beasley hard to stop—he got 40 points—but the other Aggies were 64% and the Longhorns won 86-71.

OKLAHOMA CITY finally got even with an old tormentor. Houston had beaten the tall Chels 10 straight times, and even Coach Abe Lemons was beginning to think his team was whittled. But Jimmy Ware, a 6-foot-8 jumping jack who answers to the nickname of Wagsel, watched away almost every rebound he could reach, 27 in all, and Oklahoma City took the game 93-79. TEXAS WESTERN, a NET team, also closed out its season on a happy note. The Miners trounced New Mexico State 107-51.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (23-2)
2. SAN FRANCISCO (22-4) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (19-4)

Just about the only argument left in the AAUW was whether UCLA is as good as last year. As far as Stanford is concerned that is hardly a moot question. The Bruins thoroughly disorganized the Indians in the first five minutes with their paralyzing zone press and perfect shooting. They hit their first nine shots, tipped in the 10th and, almost before started Stanford knew it, UCLA had a 20-5 lead. Gail Goodrich scored 24 points, and the Bruins won 83-68. The next night Goodrich got 22 more, sub Mike Lynn pitched in 18 and UCLA clovered California 87-71.

SAN FRANCISCO, while winning its third straight West Coast title, was not quite so devastating. The Dons even lost a game—their first in the league in two years—to PACIFIC 67-65 and then fiddled around listlessly for a half before they beat St. Mary's 65-52.

It was a two-team race in the Western AC—BRIGHAM YOUNG and New Mexico—after WYOMING upset the Lobbs 83-65, and the two met in Provo next Friday. But not many teams beat BYU at home these days. Arizona failed 92-88. Arizona State's Neil Walk thought he had a way. "What we've got to do," he confided, "is contain them for maybe three or four minutes. Then they should not score enough points to beat us." The Sun Devils did hold Brigham Young scoreless for precisely four minutes. But the Cougars got away. John Fairchild, who had scored 40 points against Arizona, slipped in 22 as BYU won 104-98.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOLING OUT

Sirs:

Your article *The Best 18 in America* (Feb. 15 and 22) is the most tedious one I have ever printed. It is impossible to pick the best 18 holes. I have a lot of respect for Mr. Joe Day, Mr. Byron Nelson and Mr. Charlie Coe, but most of the holes they selected were from courses where a USGA event had been held. Some good courses do not allow tournaments, so your committee could not have played all the good holes in America. Two of the greatest golf courses in the world, The Cascade Golf Club, Hot Springs, Va., and Pinehurst (N.C.) Country Club do not have a hole on your so-called best. Portsmouth, Va., home of the Eastern Amateur, also has some great holes. And the Carolinas are full of golf courses with good holes.

HARRY L. WELCH

Salisbury, N.C.

Sirs:

Let us not be provincial! Your headline should have read *The Best 18 in the U.S.* rather than *The Best 18 in America*. I can assure you there are many other fine, beautiful golf holes to be found all over the Americas from Canada to Argentina.

I am personally acquainted with golf courses throughout Mexico (in addition to the many courses I have played in the U.S.) and, in particular, my home course, the Club de Golf in Mexico City, which boasts quite a few excellent golf holes and which you yourselves called "one of the world's best" (Scorecard, Feb. 15).

SANDRA CLIFFORD FLEENER

Chicago

Sirs:

Check the 11th hole at Big Cypress Golf and Country Club in Naples, Fla. for a difficult par 3.

LI ROY HUSE

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Obviously Dan Jenkins never played in the Pacific Northwest!

J. RICHARD CROCKETT

Seattle

Sirs:

To my chagrin I have played only one of your Best 18—Pebble Beach's 14th. I do feel, however, that the 12th at Olympia Fields (Ill.) North Course belongs on any "best" course. Others that have proved an almost impossible challenge to my game (11 to 13 handicap) and which I feel stand the test of beauty and character are the first at Port

Clear, Ala., the 2nd at Peachtree in Atlanta (another Robert Trent Jones masterpiece), the 4th on Dorado Beach (P.R.) East Nine and the 10th at Bob O'Link at Highland Park, Ill. or Illythield in Belmont, Mich.

Thanks anyway for a fine story and great round of golf.

RICHARD W. KELLY

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sirs:

Trying to pick the best 18 golf holes in America is like trying to pick the 18 best-looking girls in Atlanta, a welcome challenge, but an impossible task. May the controversy reign forever!

JIM BRADY

Atlanta

WATCH THE FORDS GO BY

Sirs:

Never have I read such an excellent piece of honest, objective reporting as Bob Dutton's article on the Daytona 500 (*Bruster, Bruster and Bruster*, Feb. 22). I lived in the South last year and attended all major NASCAR events on the major tracks. Indeed, as Dutton said, nothing approaches this sport in brute excitement. But the 1965 NASCAR rules have booted every major race down to just one issue: What color Ford will win?

DAVID C. CITAVER

Carlsbad, Pa.

Sirs:

The Ford Motor Company need not worry about "the critics' question of whether or not it could beat Chrysler in an engine-on-engine showdown." It was answered last year when drivers of Chrysler's new-outlined hems, King Richard Petty, the late Jimmy Pardue and Paul Goldsmith (last year's Daytona 500 No. 1, 2 and 3 finishers), looked in their rearview mirrors and saw those Fords in futile pursuit.

ROBERT DOUGHERTY

Lancaster, S.C.

DIANA'S JAG

Sirs:

We thoroughly enjoyed the beautifully written account of the jaguar hunt in the Mato Grosso by Virginia Kraft (*A Meeting at the Mato Grosso*, Feb. 22). We suffered with her the hardships of the terrain, insects, privations and frustrations and were delighted when she finally met el tigre. But the state of Campeche on the Yucatan Peninsula of Mexico, only 75 minutes by Pan American jet from New Orleans, is closer and would have provided just as much sport. The jungle begins a few hours' ride from

the city of Campeche and proceeds south to the border of Guatemala. A thoroughly enjoyable hunt takes about a week, with such comforts as beds with mosquito nets, hot or cold showers and food that is out of this world. Snakes are no problem.

Jaguar, puma, ocelot and other cats are there, too, as many as six having been sighted in 24 hours, and often on a six-day trip one sees at least one a day. Jose (Pepé) Sansores, the professional guide of Campeche, will not guarantee a tiger but usually puts a hunter pretty close to one.

HENRY T. BRUN JR.

Memphis

• Hunter Kraft has not neglected Mexico's jungles altogether. Some years ago (SI, Jan. 26, 1959) she and her husband pursued *el tigre* on the isthmus of Tehuantepec to the south and west of Yucatan. They found heat, thorns, deer, tangled underbrush and a tiger as noisy as a rhinoceros—but no jaguar.—ED.

Sirs:

The article by Virginia Kraft disheartened me greatly. To me there is a difference between hunting an animal as she did and the final shooting of it. At that point the sport disappears. I hope many sportsmen would have enough respect for such a valiant opponent that they would not destroy it when it was cornered. Shooting a large jaguar out of a tree with a high-powered rifle is not sport. Would it not be enough to let the cat go, knowing that the objective had been achieved?

PETER S. WATKINSON

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

"Diana the Huntress," mattress and all, made me a little ill.

A high-powered rifle, a sitting duck and four armed men for protection—you must be kidding.

C. R. HOLMES

Chicago

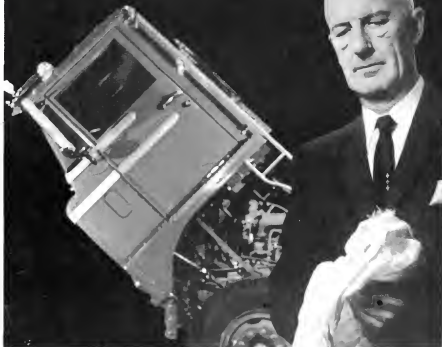
BARRELING DOWN

Sirs:

We were delighted to read in your story *Barrel Staves Are Back* (Feb. 15), that Vermonters are taking up staves. However, I think your readers should know that barrel-stave slong was revitalized five years ago in California at the Barrel Stave Slalom, which was co-sponsored by Paul Mason Vineyards at Powder Bowl near Squaw Valley. The Paul Mason winery supplies staves from 50-gallon wine-aging casks as well as

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prizes for the winners of the humorous slalom. Originally called Barrel Stave Olympics, the slalom has been held at the same place every year since 1960 and is again scheduled for this coming March 13.

ERNEST G. MITTELBURGER

San Francisco

Sirs:

The article brought back fond memories of my boyhood in the early '20s. Using discarded barrel staves from the nearby brewery, we kids fashioned a seat near one end and "rode" down the numerous hills with legs in the air, trying to maintain balance while holding onto the seat. We called such a contrivance a "bumper," because one really was jolted during the ride.

WALTER STEINBA

St. Paul

HIS HONOR

Sirs:

Re your SCORECARD item (Feb. 22) mentioning Mr. Justice Byron White as a possible successor to Ford Frick as Commissioner of Baseball.

I love baseball, and I assume that Mr. Justice White does also; however, the club owners must be grossly naive to think anyone schooled in the law would step down from the most honored position in our judicial system, that of Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, to take over as Commissioner of Baseball for a \$70,000 salary, as alleged in some reports, or even for a \$70 million salary. To even ask Mr. Justice White to make such a move would be an insult to both his intelligence and his sense of patriotism.

WILLIAM K. QUARLES JR.

Falls Church, Va.

• We doubt that Kenesaw Mountain Landis, in his day one of the most eminent jurists on the federal bench, would agree. He gave up a prestigious job as U.S. District Judge in northern Illinois to become baseball's first (and still best) commissioner at \$50,000 a year. ED.

OLYMPIC LINKS

Sirs:

I couldn't agree more on your suggestion that golf should be included in the Olympic program (SCORECARD, Feb. 15). Golf is one of the most popular summer games in America as well as in many other countries, and could be one of the most popular events in the 1988 Olympics and many others to come.

ALAN L. LAMBERT

Phoenix

Sirs:

The Olympic Games are universally considered the finest amateur sporting event

today. Yet, as you pointed out, many sports with wide popularity and support are ignored in the Games. I find it ridiculous that such events as field hockey, which at best enjoy only limited amateur participation and support, should be on the program when golf, tennis and baseball are left out.

MIKE MARFIO

Crestwood, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a tennis pro, I am often asked "Why isn't tennis included in the Olympics?" I go through a smash and drop shot trying to answer by relating the Davis Cup to the Olympics—which, of course, is not true. As you said, tennis should be added to the Olympics.

DON KIRBY

Chicago

POVERTY ROW

Sirs:

As a resident of California, I didn't realize until I read Mr. Bob Rubin's letter (19th Nov. 1, Feb. 15) that I was living in a sports poverty pocket. Until I read his letter I didn't know monuments were necessary for a baseball team. Now I understand: the most exciting things about a Yankee game are the monuments in center field. In Chavez Ravine we watch center field only to see Willie Davis making another spectacular catch, and the rest of the time we are watching our three monuments, Koufax, Drysdale and Podres, shatter the pennant hopes of the other National League teams or whipping the Yankees four straight.

Mr. Rubin took credit for the Knicks, which requires great courage, but he also took credit for the Celtics beating the Western Division leaders—the Lakers. I always thought the Celtics played in Boston.

Mr. Rubin also might like to know that most of California receives all the nationally broadcast games. California does not consist only of L.A. and San Francisco. Mr. Rubin's New York teams haven't got one announcer between them half as good as Vin Scully anyway. To sum it all up, I wouldn't trade a life-size picture of Willie Mays for Mr. Rubin's Jets, Mets, Giants, Yankees, Knicks, Rangers and Bills.

JANIS CLARK

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

When the Yankees have hitters who can hit a Koufax or a Chance fast ball; when the Knicks have a team that can outscore West and Baylor, when the Yankee and Knick fans have sponsors of the caliber of Chick Hearn (Lakers) and Vin Scully (Dodgers), when New York learns what real team support is, then, and only then, can New York consider itself the No. 2 sports capital of America.

DAN BARTON

Whittier, Calif.

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The Pioneer of Genteel Gymnastics for Ladies



Armed with beanbags, light dumbbells and oratory, a 19th century reformer named Dio Lewis led the bold fight for the unpopular idea that women had a right to be healthy by DORIS M. FLETCHER

A century ago it was hardly respectable for a lady to be healthy, much less to engage in sports. She was expected to faint now and then to show her gentility. There were, however, a few revolutionaries among 19th century husbands who thought a wife was more fun when not in a swoon. Perhaps the most effective of these was a short, stocky man with a curly yellow beard named Dio Lewis. In the 1860s he devised a system of light gymnastics, mostly for ladies, and invented the light wooden dumbbell and the beanbag.

His writings quaintly set forth his theories and his successes and, while new out of print, they may still be found in some libraries not recently weeded. His bestseller, *The New Gymnastics*, was published in 1862 by Ticknor and Fields and subsequently appeared in many editions. Other publications were mostly self-help pamphlets with titles like *Five Minute Charts with Young Women*, *Chastity, or, Do Secret Sin and Do Depression*, or, *My Jolly Friend's Secret*.

Lewis also founded the Christian Crusade, a forerunner of the WCTU, and he is credited with such warnings as, "A clean tooth never decays." But his system of physical education for women remains his most important achievement in social history. It came in the nick of time, for well-to-do women may have been headed for extinction. They spent most of their time lying on their couches, and with good reason, since standing they had to lace themselves to a 20-inch waist and weigh themselves down with some 20 pounds of clothing.

Catherine Beecher, who was unusual

ly energetic for her time and who had talked about exercise for women even before Dio—as he was often called—came along, took a survey of women's health as early as 1856. It was appalling. She said that of her nine married sisters-in-law all but two were either delicate or invalids. Of her 14 married female cousins, all were delicate or invalids.

Dio Lewis' own wife was no better than her contemporaries. In the spring of 1851 she lost 36 pounds, developed a hacking cough, a hectic flush, and she, too, finally took to her couch. The Lewises were living in Buffalo at the time, and Dio Lewis was practicing homeopathic medicine and editing a magazine called *The Homoeopathist*. With the onset of his wife's illness he immediately dropped his career and devoted all his efforts to curing her. He got her off the couch, prescribed a loose dress and low-heeled shoes, then set her to sawing wood, a job he considered most beneficial to deep breathing. That first winter she managed to saw all the wood needed to keep two fires in their home going. The next winter they moved to Fredericksburg, where the climate was milder, but by then Mrs. Lewis was well.

This was also a fortunate move for Dio Lewis, for it was here that he discovered the lecture platform. He was such a success that he began to devote his whole time to traveling and speaking. Six nights a week he lectured on health, and on the seventh he spoke, free of charge, on temperance.

The females in his audience loved Dio, and Lewis loved an audience. He used plenty of props—wands and blowguns,

his light wooden dumbbell and his little bag of ticking filled with white beans. There were group games, there was laughter, there was gentility.

To prove all the benefits of his system, he now had, with all the rest of his apparatus, his healthy wife to exhibit and thump and flex. Julian Hawthorne (Nathaniel's journalist son), who did not like Lewis at all, felt especially sorry for his wife. He described Lewis as dapper, suave and full of sly jokes.

But Lewis could afford to ignore his detractors. He had by now received an honorary doctor's degree from Cleveland's Homoeopathic Hospital College, and he had a successful school going in Boston. This was called the Boston Normal Institute of Physical Education and was located at 20 Essex Street. There were seven ladies in the first class of 13.

After this school was running well, Lewis went to Lexington, Mass., and bought a hotel with 110 rooms, and in October 1864 he opened the Family School for Young Ladies. It was a health farm for girls who had broken down at seminars. The girls went to bed at 8-30, wore strong shoes, ate plain food, walked with swinging arms and dressed in bloomers and tunics.

The school's purpose was to beef up the girls, not slim them down, and during the first year Lewis noted an average enlargement in his students of 2½ inches in the chest, 5 inches in the waist, 1½ inches around the upper arm and 1 inch in the forearms.

"I attended his school," wrote Mrs. Lillie Chase Wyman of Hingham, "worn out in body and mind and a mere bundle

a continued

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Gymnastics for Ladies

of damaged nerves, but gained there courage and strength to take up the battle and begin anew."

Elizabeth Weir of Concord, who attended the school as a spectator now, and then, wrote to a friend long afterward "I remember that Louisa Alcott was a leading member of the class. One of our (then) Concord young ladies, Una Hawthorne, attended his school in Lexington, and we always enjoyed the accounts of it that she brought home from time to time."

Una Hawthorne, as a matter of fact, was only reluctantly allowed by her mother to attend the school and only under the condition that she wear her bloomers down to her shoe tops and put on a skirt when she crossed the street or was otherwise in public view. When she eventually decided to become a physical education teacher, her mother said no, and that was the end of that.

But if Una Hawthorne did not make it to the career of gymnastics teacher, there were others who did, more resolute and less dominated. A Mrs. Evans, a graduate of the Lewis Boston school, had for some time been instructing Mount Holyoke girls in the approved method of wand waving and marching and, when Vassar opened its doors in 1865, it had Delia F. Woods as its competent lady professor in charge of the Lewis system of gymnastics. Lucy Hunt, in the same class with Una Hawthorne, was on hand in Northampton to take over when Smith opened in 1873.

By 1882 improvement in female health had become so evident that the Associated Collegiate Alumnae was able to put forth a flat statement to the effect that of its 1,290 members, 77.8% were alive and robust and had not been harmed by college learning at all.

Today Dr. Doxsean Lewis is all but forgotten. But in his day he was given testimonial dinners and silver bowls, and a book was written in his honor. The author was one Moses Con Tyler, and the title was *The Brownville Papers*—a story of a gymnastic utopia centered around the Lewis system.

The citizens of the fictional Brownville sang in chorus this tribute to Dr. Doxsean Lewis:

*Then work away till a better day
On our poll-cursed race is dawning;
For the "bell" and the "ring" shall
defiance fling
At the fields of Disease and Paug.*



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